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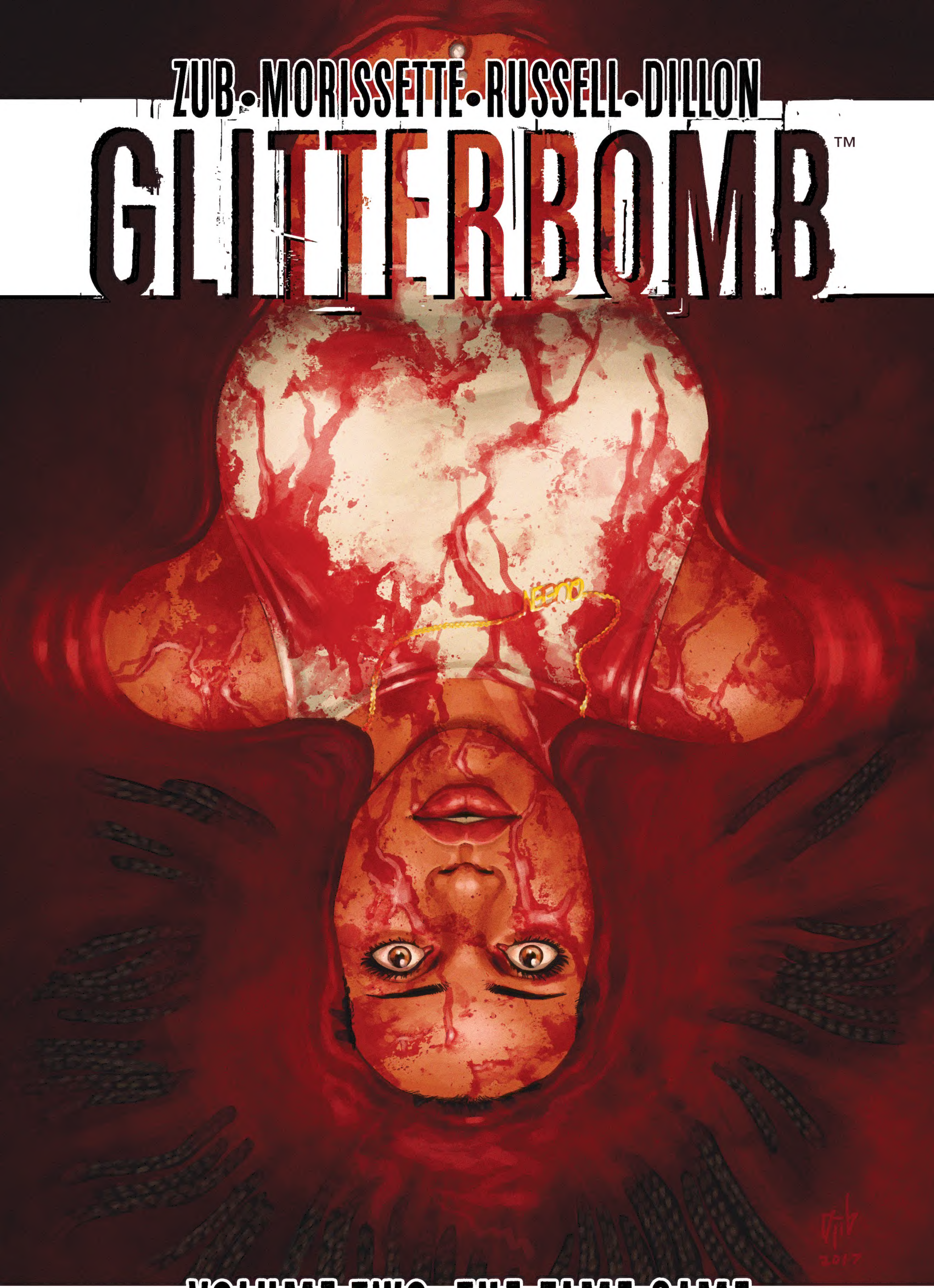
GLITTERBOMB™



VOLUME TWO: THE FAME GAME

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GLITTERBOMB

VOLUME TWO: THE FAME GAME

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PART 1: PAIN PARADE

FRIDAY NIGHT-

SATURDAY MORNING-

A NIGHT FOR CLIFF

SUNDAY

OKAY, KAYDON. I KNOW YOU'RE ***NERVOUS***, BUT TRUST ME. YOU CAN ***DO*** THIS.

THOSE PEOPLE OUT THERE, THEY ONLY WANT ***TWO THINGS***...

A BIT OF ***EMOTION*** AND A CATCHY FUCKING ***SOUND BITE.***

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO STAND OUT AND MAKE SOME ***MONEY.***

SERIOUSLY?

YUP.

FORTY OF ***HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST NAMES*** SLAUGHTERED DURING A LIVE BROADCAST AND ***YOU*** WERE ONE OF THE LAST PEOPLE TO TALK TO THE WOMAN BEHIND IT.

EVERYONE WANTS YOU.

THEY'LL BE HANGING ON YOUR ***EVERY WORD.***

LET'S GIVE 'EM A GODDAMN ***SHOW...***

THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE DURING THIS... ***CATASTROPHE.***

THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS HAVE BEEN THE ***DARKEST*** OF MY LIFE AND I'M CERTAINLY NOT THE ONLY ONE.

THE ***HORROR*** OF WHAT HAPPENED... I CAN'T FULLY ***COMPREHEND*** IT.

ALL I KNOW IS I WAS ***LUCKY*** TO ESCAPE WITH MY ***LIFE.***

FWASH

MITCH, HOW WELL DID YOU KNOW THE ALLEGED MASTERMIND ***FARRAH DURANTE?***

HAVE YOU SPOKEN TO ***POLICE?***

DID YOU SEE ANY ***WEAPONS?***

DID YOU REVIEW SECURITY PLANS BEFORE THE EVENT?

IS IT TRUE THERE WERE MULTIPLE ATTACKERS?

I WON'T BE TAKING QUESTIONS TODAY.

IT'S... ***TOO SOON. TOO RAW.***

BUT I'VE BROUGHT ***KAYDON KLAY,*** FARRAH'S CLOSE FRIEND AND BABYSITTER.

SHE'S AGREED TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS AS WE TRY TO WRAP OUR HEADS AROUND THIS ***AWFUL TRAGEDY.***

FWASH FWASH FWASH FWASH FWASH

FWASH FWASH FWASH FWASH FWASH

UH...

MISS KLAY, **OVER HERE!**

MISS KLAY!

MISS KLAY!

MISS KLAY!

WHAT WAS YOUR **RELATIONSHIP** WITH FARRAH DURANTE?

"RELATIONSHIP"?

WE... WE WERE **CLOSE**. REAL CLOSE.

I... I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S GONE...

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

I'M SIXTEEN... SEVENTEEN NEXT WEEK.

ARE YOU STILL IN SCHOOL?

YEAH. I GO TO **VERNON COLLEGIATE** IN OAKWOOD.

DID **FARRAH** TALK TO YOU ABOUT HER CAREER?

SURE. WE TALKED ALL THE TIME. SHE WAS HOPIN' TO MAKE A **COME-BACK**.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT CAUSED THIS ATTACK?

I KNEW FARRAH WAS **UPSET** AND STUFF, BUT ALL THIS... IT'S JUST **CRAZY**.

DID SHE EVER TALK ABOUT **REVENGE?**

NOT REALLY, BUT SHE WAS ACTIN' **WEIRD**.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY **"WEIRD"?**

MOOD SWINGS AN' SHIT.

DID SHE EVER **THREATEN** YOU?

NO! SHE WOULDN'T DO THAT.

WHAT ABOUT HER SON?

MARTY? NO. HE'S A GOOD KID. HE'S SO YOUNG AND--

MISS KLAY!

WHERE'S MARTY NOW?

OVER HERE!

HAVE YOU BEEN QUESTIONED BY POLICE?

MISS KLAY!

DID YOU EVER MEET FARRAH'S ACCOMPLICES?

HAVE THEY TRIED TO CONTACT YOU?

YEAH, WE CAN DO AN ***EXCLUSIVE.*** SHE'S UP FOR IT...

...LEMME GET BACK TO YOU.

ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

YEAH. I THINK SO.

YOU DID ***GOOD*** OUT THERE. ***VULNERABLE***, BUT NOT FALLING APART.

THAT "***RELATIONSHIP***" STUFF WAS ***GOLD.***

WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU HINTED YOU HAD MORE TO SAY WITHOUT GIVING IT ALL AWAY.

I CAN SELL THE ***SHIT*** OUT OF THAT.

I GOTTA GO HOME. MY MOM

NO PROBLEM. I'LL CALL A CAR.

I CAN'T PAY FOR A TAXI...

DON'T BE FUCKING ***STUPID.*** ***I'LL*** COVER IT. I'M YOUR ***AGENT.***

...OH.

THEY'RE TAKING MY PICTURE?

YUP. FUCKING ***PARASITES.*** JUST ***IGNORE*** THEM.

KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK

STAY HOME. GET SOME REST. DON'T TALK TO REPORTERS OR ANYONE ELSE EXCEPT YOUR ***MOM.*** I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW WITH A ***MEDIA PLAN.***

'KAY.

THAT LOOKED EXCITING.

HUH?

ALL THOSE *PHOTOGRAPHERS*... YOUR OWN LITTLE *PAPARAZZI*.

YOU MUST BE PRETTY *IMPORTANT*.

I DON'T KNOW 'BOUT THAT...

...I *GUESS*.

HA! I KNEW IT!

THE *IMPORTANT* ONES ALWAYS ACT LIKE IT'S *NOTHING SPECIAL*...

...YOU'RE *BIG TIME!*

HEH. BIG TIME...

MOM?

GODDAMN IT, KAYDON...

...WHERE YOU **BEEN?**

I'M OKAY, SEE? I **JUST**--

I HEAR 'BOUT THAT ACTRESS **MURDERIN'** EVERY FUCKIN' STAR IN HOLLYWOOD AN' WHAT AM I **S'POSED** TO THINK?!

I FIGURED SHE **KILLED YOU TOO!**

I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE, I CAN'T GET HOLD O' YOU!

NEXT THING I KNOW YOU'RE ON ***FUCKIN' TV!***

TV!

YOU CAN'T EVEN CALL YOUR ***MOTHER*** AN' TELL HER YOU'RE *ALIVE* BEFORE YOU TALK TO THE ***WHOLE FUCKIN' WORLD!***

WHY YOU BREAKIN' MY ***HEART*** LIKE THIS?!

WHY?!

OOF!

I JUST...

...EVERYTHIN' WAS JUST...

...DON'T KNOW.

THAT'S JUST IT. YOU DON'T KNOW...YOU DON'T GODDAMN KNOW ***NOTHIN'!***

WELL I'VE GOT AN ***AGENT*** NOW. I KNOW THAT!

WHAT? ***WHY?!***

CAUSE I'M ***IMPORTANT!*** CAUSE PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW WHAT I KNOW ABOUT ***FARRAH!***

AND WHAT IS THAT EXACTLY?

DING DONG

SORRY TO EAVESDROP, BUT YOU WERE BOTH A BIT LOUD.

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, MISS KLAY. PEOPLE DEFINITELY WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW...

I'M ***DETECTIVE ISAAC RAHAL*** FROM THE ***LAPD***. WE NEED TO CHAT.

MY GIRL AIN'T TALKIN' TO ***NOBODY*** 'TIL WE GET A ***LAWYER!***

THAT'S YOUR LEGAL RIGHT, BUT IT'LL MAKE THINGS A ***LOT*** EASIER DOWN THE LINE IF I COULD TALK TO HER ***NOW***.

I'M NOT A ***CRIMINAL***, MOM. I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' WRONG.

'CEPT IGNORIN' YOUR ***MOTHER***.

'CEPT THAT...

I'M NOT HERE TO ***ARREST*** ANYONE. YOU'RE NOT A ***SUSPECT***. I JUST NEED TO ASK A FEW ***QUESTIONS*** AND--

BZZT BZZZT

BZZT BZZZT

8:40 PM

Called your house. Wife said you went out. 8:39 PM

The Captain told you to stay home.

You are on paid leave until the investigation shakes out. It's already a mess. Don't fuck this up. 8:40 PM

Enter message

PLEASE...

SUCH A *FILTHY* HABIT...

I'M AWARE.

LOOK, I DIDN'T KNOW FARRAH WAS GONNA *KILL* THOSE PEOPLE.

OKAY, THEN SO WHAT?

I WOULDN'T EXPECT YOU TO.

YOU SPENT A BUNCH OF TIME WITH HER, LOOKED AFTER HER KID...

...DID YOU SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL?

SHE WAS ALWAYS *STRESSED*, BUT THAT WAS *NORMAL*...

I...

I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. WHAT KINDA STUFF?

IM NOT TALKING ABOUT HER *MOOD*...

...THE WAY SHE *LOOKED*. THE WAY SHE *MOVED*...

...SOMETHING YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN.

YOU WERE THERE, WEREN'T YOU...WHEN SHE DID IT?

...YEAH.

THIS... THIS WAS A ***MISTAKE.***

HUH?

IF YOU THINK OF ANYTHING THAT STANDS OUT...EVEN IF IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE A BIG DEAL... ***CALL*** THIS NUMBER OR ***EMAIL***...

...OR ***TEXT***, I GUESS. THAT'S WHAT KIDS DO NOW, RIGHT?

HE'S IN A BAD WAY.

LAST TIME I SAW SOMEONE SHOOK LIKE THAT WAS YOUR GRANDPA TALKIN' ABOUT ***VIETNAM***...

DON'T THINK YOU'RE OFF THE HOOK, GIRL. NOT A CHANCE.

YOUR ASS IS ***GROUNDED.***

MONDAY-

HOLY ***SHIT***, KAY-KLAY! I SAW THE ***NEWS!***

HEY, ***MARTINA.***

JESUS-FUCKIN'-MURPHY, ARE YOU ***ALRIGHT?***

SORT OF...

I DON'T KNOW WHO TO TALK TO ABOUT ALL THIS...

I TRIED TO CHECK IN WIT'CHU. I SENT LIKE A THOUSAND MESSAGES!

WHY DIDN'T YOU TEXT ME ***BACK?!***

MY MOM TOOK MY PHONE. SHE'S FLIPPIN' OUT.

WELL, GIRL, ***FUCK HER*** 'CAUSE YOU'RE A MOTHER-FUCKIN' ***CELEBRITY*** NOW! ***EVERYBODY'S*** GONNA KNOW YOU!

MMM-HMM...

YOU GOT ***THAT*** RIGHT, MARTINA!

KAYDON REALLY IS A ***MOTHER FUCKING*** CELEBRITY...

...SEE?

"We were close. Real close."
DURANTE'S LESBIAN LOVER-BABYSITTER– What Does She Know?

SHE *LITERALLY FUCKED* THAT *CELEBRITY MURDER MOM!*

GET THAT SHIT OUTTA HERE, *CONRAD!*

DID Y' *DO* IT, KAYDON?

JESUS, CONRAD!

DID Y' *LICK* THAT CHICK'S *CRAZY-CUNT?*

HA HA HA HA!

DON'T LET HIM RATTLE YOU, KAY.

I'LL SEE YOU AFTER CLASS.

MISS KLAY?
EXCUSE ME...

UHHH...

WHAT THE FUCK...

HUH?

WHOA... ARE YOU OKAY?

NNNN...

FUCK OFF!

WELL, FUCK YOU TOO!

SO MUCH DESPAIR.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL.

WHA--?

VERNON COLLEGIA

HEY! HAVE YOU GUYS SEEN KAYDON?

TRY LOOKING ON TV...

HA! NICE ONE.

YO, MARTINA. YOU LOOKIN' FOR DYKESЯUS?

FUCK YOU, CONRAD.

SERIOUSLY THOUGH...ARE YOU TRYIN' TO JOIN HER CARPET MUNCHERS CLUB, OR WHAT?

ENOUGH WITH THE HOMOPHOBIC SHIT! I DON'T CARE! SHE WENT THROUGH SOMETHIN' TERRIBLE, Y' KNOW? SHE'S IN A LOT OF PAIN!

WHAT-EVER...

I'VE SEEN THIS SHIT BEFORE...

YOU THINK SHE'S GONNA GIVE A FUCK ABOUT A CHUNKY MEATBALL LIKE YOU NOW THAT SHE'S FAMOUS?

I DON'T THINK SO...

♪♫♪♫

EH?

AH, GEEZ!

SPLASH

STUPID FUCKIN' WEATHER...

WE DON'T LIKE YOU.

SPLATCH

N'UH!

GAHHH!

FSSSs

FUCKIN' PAIN, I...

UHH!

SHUNK

GRK!

KA-CHANG

BENEATH ALL YOUR ATTITUDE AND ARROGANCE, THERE'S ONLY WORTHLESS CHUNKS OF FLESH...

LET US SHOW YOU...

BWUHH... BWUHH...

→SIGH←

SOAKED...

GODDAMN.

BWIP

--AND THOSE HIGH-PRESSURE SYSTEMS MEAN ***INCREASED WIND*** AND ***EXTREME WEATHER*** THROUGH MOST OF THE WEEK.

'KAY, MOM...

...WHERE'D YOU ***HIDE*** MY FUCKING ***PHONE?***

IN OTHER WORDS--GET READY FOR A ***STORM.***

FOUR OUT OF FIVE GPs RECOMMEND **APRIVOL** TO RELIEVE STRESS AND CURE AN UPSET STOMACH...

WHEN YOUR DOCTOR'S AWAY, **APRIVOL IS ALWAYS ON CALL.**

WELL THEN, HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO RESPOND TO CRIME, *HUH?*

IF **GANGS** USE MACHINE GUNS, THEN POLICE NEED MILITARY HARDWARE TOO! IT JUST MAKES SENSE.

YOU CAN'T **FIGHT** YOUR WAY TO **PEACE.** IT'S **INSANE!**

EYE FOR AN EYE, TOOTH FOR A TOOTH.

...C'MON, DON'T GET ALL **BIBLICAL** ON ME HERE.

IN AN **IDEAL** WORLD, I'D AGREE WITH YOU WHOLE-HEARTEDLY.

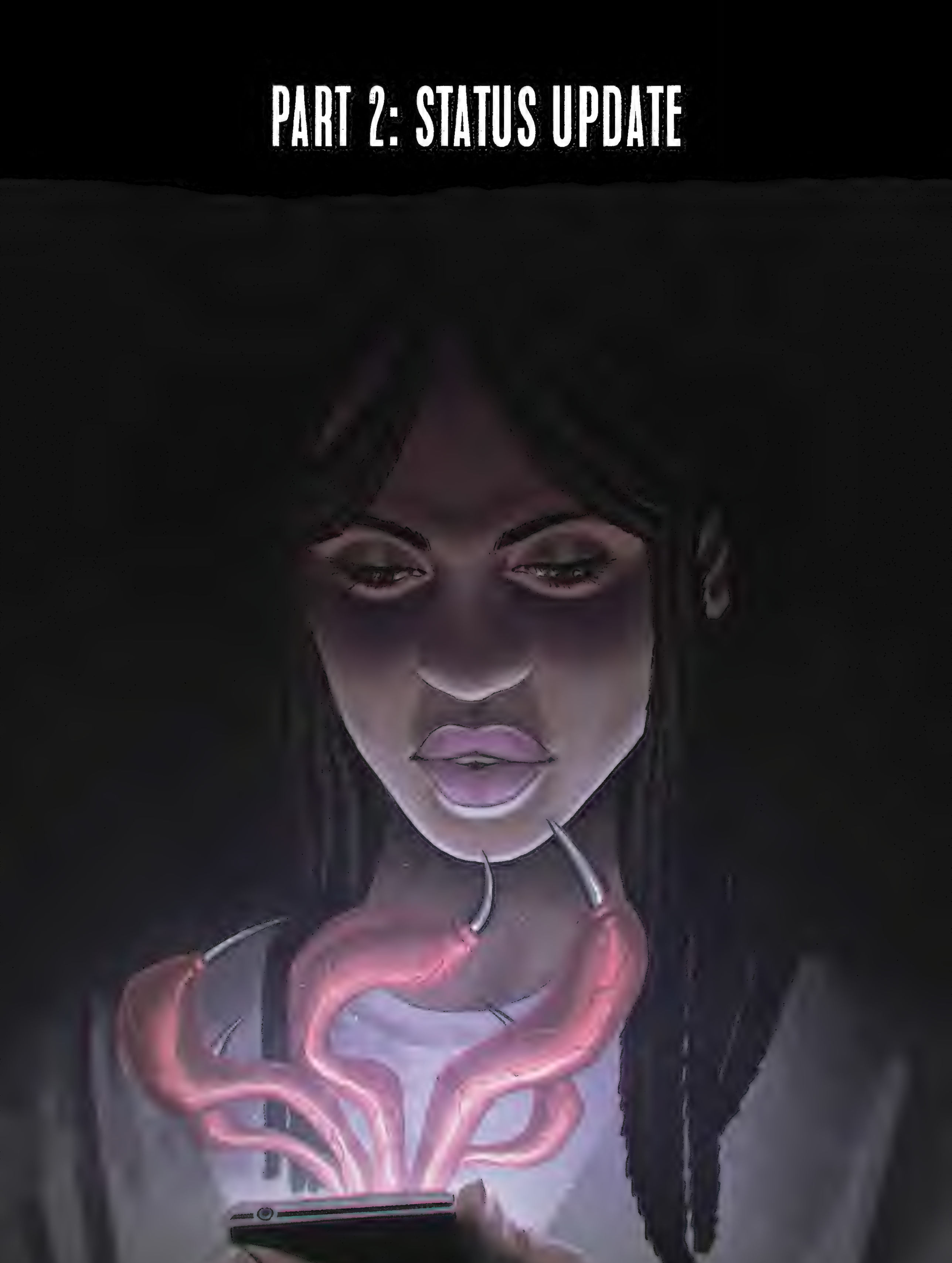
PEACE, LOVE, HARMONY... ALL THAT GOOD STUFF.

BUT THAT'S **NOT** THE WORLD OUTSIDE. NOT ANYMORE.

"THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH A DEMONSTRATION OF ***STRENGTH***..."

..."THAT'S HOW YOU SHOW THESE BASTARDS WHO'S IN CHARGE."

PART 2: STATUS UPDATE



PRIMA DONNA

BLACK SWA

JAM

TUESDAY-

PRIMA DONNA

BLACK SWA

DEET DEET DEET DEET DEET-

TIK

OH, JESUS...

KAYDON! YOU GOTTA *GET UP!*

I KNOW!

MOIRA'S SICK SO I MIGHT HAFTA TAKE HER SHIFT.

IF I'M NOT HERE WHEN YOU GET HOME, PULL SOMETHIN' OUTTA THE ***FREEZER*** AND COOK IT UP FOR YOURSELF.

'KAY.

STRAIGHT HOME FROM SCHOOL. NO DAWDLIN'.

KEEP YOUR SHIT IN LINE AND I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR PHONE BACK ON FRIDAY.

'KAY.

YOU GONNA SAY "'***KAY***" TO ***EVERYTHIN'*** I TELL YOU TODAY?

...

...MAYBE.

GET OUTTA HERE. YOU'RE GONNA BE LATE.

'KAY.

MOM, YOU CAN'T HIDE SHIT FOR SHIT...

LET'S SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING IN--

GODDAMN!

8:06

8:06 am

137 Emails

786 Texts

999+

999+

BZZZ BZZZ- BZZZ BZZZ

EH?

KAYDON! HOLY FUCK, FINALLY!

HELLO TO YOU TOO.

WHERE THE FUCK HAVE YOU BEEN?! WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME BACK?!

I'M CALLING NOW.

YEAH, GREAT! ABOUT FUCKING TIME.

LOOK, I'M TRYING, BUT IT HASN'T BEEN EASY! IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED...

...THINGS ARE ALL FUCKED UP!

11850

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

OT CROSS

WHERE *ARE* YOU? I'LL SEND A DRIVER OVER.

WHAT?

YOU CAN'T DO THAT! I'M GOING TO *SCHOOL!*

"*SCHOOL*"?!

UH, *YEAH*.

I'M *SIXTEEN*, MR. ZHANG. I'M IN ELEVENTH GRADE.

→SIGH←

WHO GIVES A FUCK ABOUT *SCHOOL?!* I DON'T REMEMBER A SINGLE *GODDAMN THING* I LEARNED IN *ELEVENTH GRADE*...

...OR *TWELFTH* FOR THAT MATTER...

MY *MOM!* SHE *GROUNDED* ME 'CAUSE I DID ALL THAT *PRESS SHIT* WITH YOU ON SUNDAY.

YOU THINK YOUR MOM'LL LIKE IT WHEN YOU *PAY HER RENT* FOR THE NEXT *YEAR* BECAUSE YOU SKIPPED SCHOOL TODAY?

S- *SERIOUSLY?*

YES! SO, WAIT RIGHT THERE AND WHEN THE DRIVER SHOWS UP, GET IN THE *FUCKING CAR*.

WE'VE GOT *WORK* TO DO...

WHERE ARE WE?

NO ***SPOILERS***, KIDDO. WE NEED A ***NATURAL REACTION***.

HEY THERE, KAYDON. I'M ***CHELSIE MEGS***.

WHOAH! YOU'RE THE LADY FROM ***NEWSWIRE!***

YOU BETCHA.

READY, RICKEY?

BING-BONG

THREE-TWO-ONE...

...I'M HERE WITH ***KAYDON KLAY***, INFAMOUS ***PARAMOUR*** OF ***FARRAH DURANTE***, THE ***LOS ANGELES STAR SLAYER***.

UH...

C-CAN I HELP YOU?

HI THERE! I'M ***CHELSIE MEGS*** FROM ***NEWSWIRE LA!***

THIS IS ***PRIVATE*** PROPERTY! YOU ***CAN'T*** JUST--

KAYDIE!

IT'S ***OKAY!*** WE'RE JUST HERE TO WITNESS AN ***EMOTIONAL REUNION***...

KAYDIE-KAY!

OH MY GOD, MARTY!

I MISSED YOU!

FARRAH'S BABY BOY MARTY AND HIS BABYSITTER REUNITED...

WHAT A MOMENT!

THIS IS THE ***FIRST TIME*** YOU'VE SEEN EACH OTHER SINCE THAT ***HORRIBLE*** NIGHT, ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

WHA- WHAT?

YEAH... F-FIRST TIME.

YOU ***CAN'T*** JUST BARGE IN HERE AND--

I KNOW, I KNOW. IT'S ***INVASIVE*** AND ***AWFUL***. TAKE ***THIS*** FOR YOUR TROUBLE AND WE'LL BE GONE IN ***TEN MINUTES***...

...***FIFTEEN MINUTES*** TOPS.

WHY ARE THESE WEIRDOS ***FILMING US***, KAYDIE?

THEY'RE... THEY JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE ***OKAY***.

HOW ARE YOU DOING, MARTY? ARE YOU ***GOOD?***

I DUNNO...

DO YOU MISS YOUR MOMMY?

NOT ***ALL*** THE TIME?

SOME-TIMES...

NOPE.

YOU AND LITTLE MARTY ARE CLOSE, RIGHT?

YEAH...

HOW DOES IT ***FEEL***, SEEING HIM AGAIN AFTER ***EVERYTHING*** THAT HAPPENED?

IT'S...

DID THEY PUT MOMMA IN THE ***GROUND*** YET?

THAT SHIT WAS ***GOLD.***

YUP. ***PERFECT.*** COULD ***NOT*** HAVE ASKED FOR MORE...

CAN WE DO A FOLLOW-UP INTERVIEW ***IN-STUDIO?***

TOTALLY. JUST GIVE ME A DAY TO SMOOTH IT OVER WITH HER MOM.

YOU DO THIS ***EVERY DAY?***

HUH?

FILMING PEOPLE ***CRYING***...LOSIN' THEIR SHIT ON CAMERA...

YEAH.

THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE ***WANT***, RIGHT?

GOOD OR BAD, PEOPLE WANNA ***FEEL*** STUFF...

...THE ***EMOTIONAL RUSH.***

TODAY IT'S ***YOU.*** TOMORROW, IT'S ***SOMEONE ELSE.***

JUST MAKE SURE THEY SPELL YOUR NAME RIGHT.

DID THEY PUT MOMMA IN THE ***GROUND*** YET?

JESUS.

I KNOW, RIGHT?

HAUNTING...

IS KAYDON KLAY AN INNOCENT TEENAGER OR A GIRL CARRYING DARK SECRETS ABOUT AMERICA'S ***STAR SLAYER?*** WE'LL FIND OUT IN THE DAYS AHEAD.

CHELSIE, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT THAT FOOTAGE, BUT KEEP DOING IT.

DON'T WORRY. THE LITTLE BITCH WILL BE ***PUTTY*** IN MY HANDS, ***GUARANTEED.***

THAT "***LITTLE BITCH***" IS ONLY ***SIXTEEN.***

YEAH, ***SIXTEEN*** WITH AN ***AGENT*** WHO KNOWS HOW TO ***MILK*** THE SYSTEM.

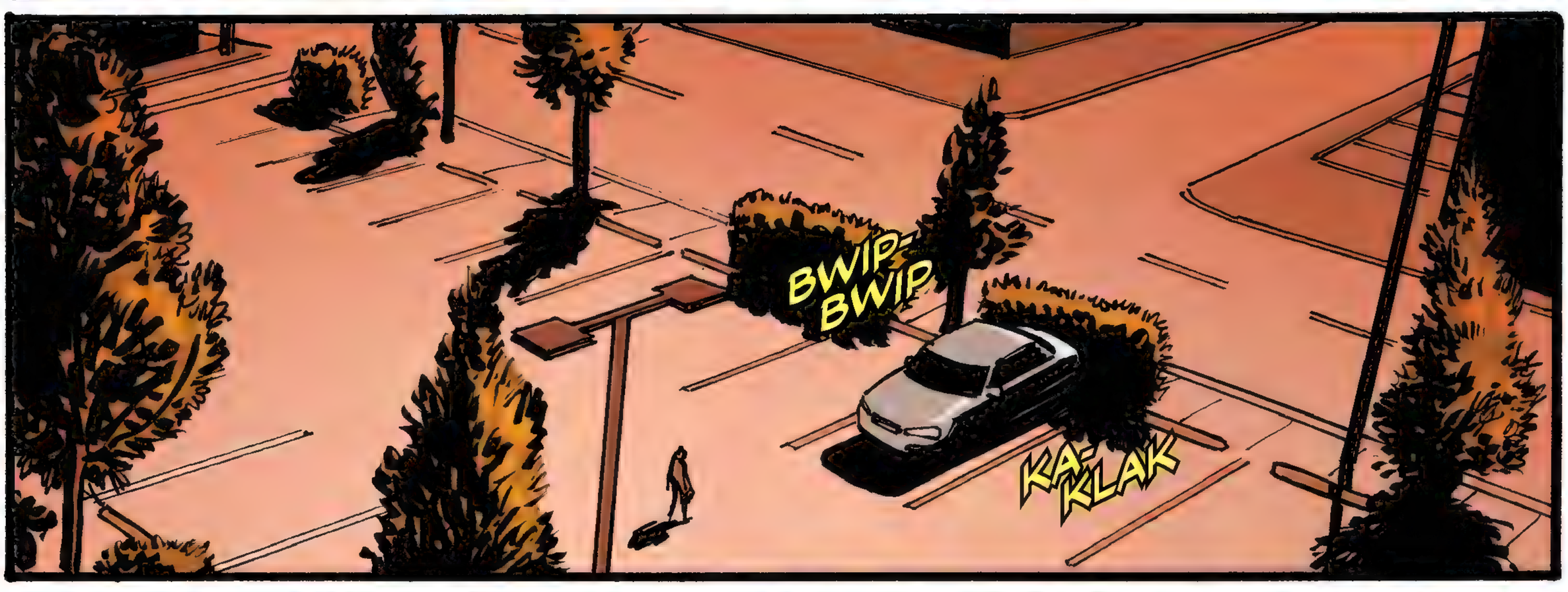
IT'S ***QUID PRO QUO.*** SHE'S GETTING ***PAID.***

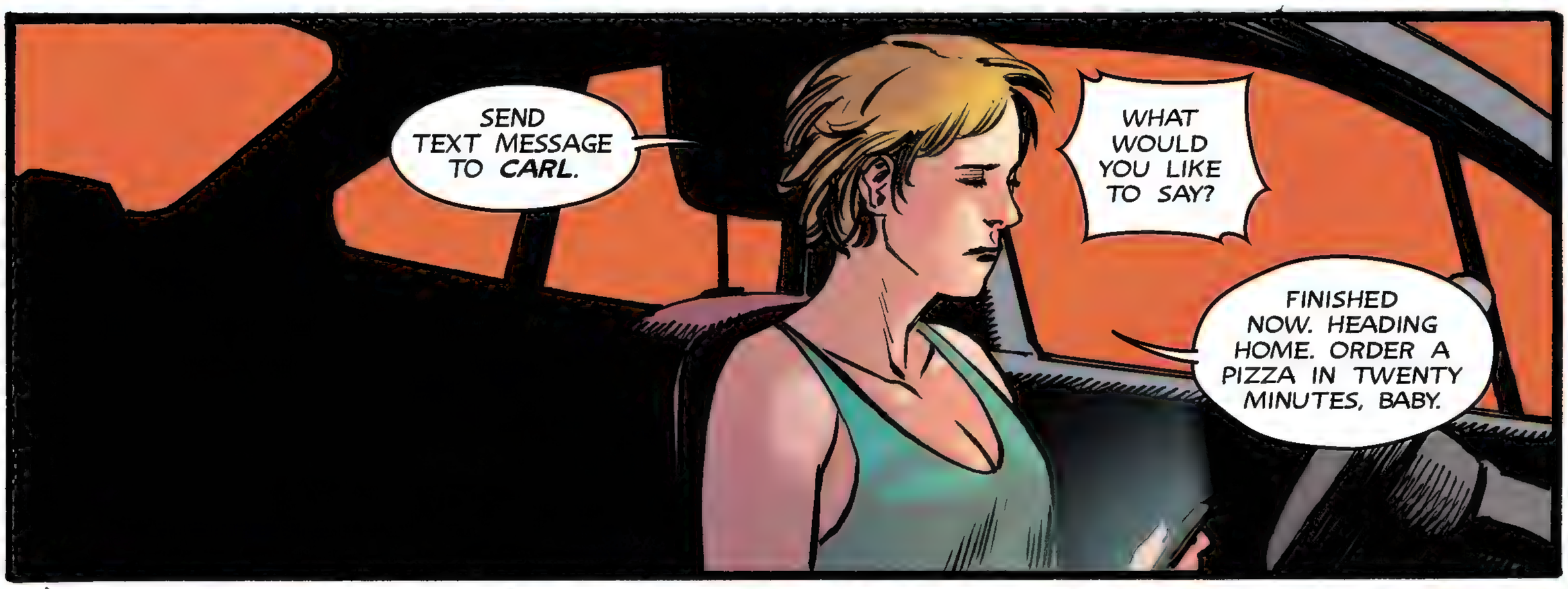
WE'RE GONNA GET ***COMPLAINTS.***

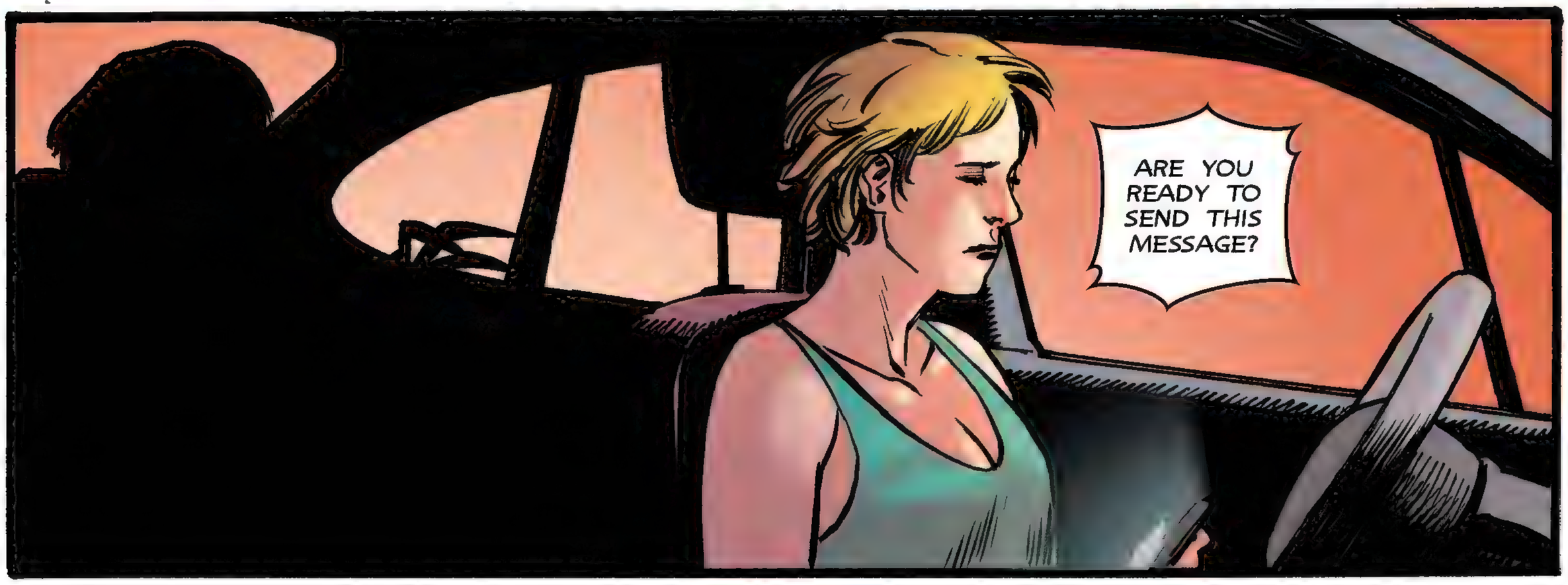
WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

YOU HANDLE THE ***FAKE OUTRAGE,*** ***I'LL*** TAKE CARE OF THE ***ACTUAL CONTENT.***

NEWSWIRE LA


BWIP-BWIP
KA-KLAK


SEND TEXT MESSAGE TO CARL.
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY?
FINISHED NOW. HEADING HOME. ORDER A PIZZA IN TWENTY MINUTES, BABY.


ARE YOU READY TO SEND THIS MESSAGE?

NO.

SHE'S NOT.

MMMM!

WE'D ASK IF YOU *REMEMBERED* WHO WE ONCE WERE, BUT WE ALREADY *KNOW* THE ANSWER...

MMM-MMM!

NO TIME FOR *YESTERDAY'S* NEWS. TOO MUCH *FRESH* MEAT READY TO BE *CLEANED TO THE BONE*.

"LEANNE GILCHRIST IS A *SKILLED* MUSICIAN, BUT IT FEELS LIKE SHE'S *HOLDING BACK* FROM DELIVERING ON HER *FULL POTENTIAL."*

WELL, WE'RE HAPPY TO TELL YOU...

MMMM!

...WE *UNLOCKED* LEANNE'S *POTENTIAL*.

EVEN THEN, WE WOULD HAVE LET YOUR *CRITICISM* GO, NEVER SOUGHT YOU OUT...

...BUT YOU *USED KAYDON*.

MADE HER *CRY* FOR YOUR *ENTERTAINMENT*.

KAYDON IS *IMPORTANT* TO US.

MMM! MMMM!

HER *DESPAIR* IS A *SPECIAL MEAL* ONLY *WE* MAY FEED UPON.

WHILE *YOU*...YOU'RE BARELY EVEN A *SNACK*.

DON'T WORRY THOUGH...

...I PROMISE NOT TO HOLD BACK *THIS* TIME.

--MAAHHH--

KER-CHUNK

I-IS THIS *CASH?*

YEAH. THINK OF IT LIKE ***LUBE*** FOR YOUR MOM.

FUCKIN' ***GROSS.***

I'M ***SERIOUS*** THOUGH. WE NEED HER ON BOARD. I DON'T WANT YOUR MOM WHINING TO THE PRESS OR MAKING ANY ***PUBLIC STATEMENTS***, OKAY?

WE HAVE TO CONTROL THE FLOW OF INFORMATION ABOUT YOU AND ***CHARGE*** PEOPLE FOR ***ACCESS*** TO IT AT ***EVERY STEP.***

YOU MAKE MONEY, GET FAMOUS, AND I GET MY CUT, GOT IT?

YUP.

GOOD GIRL.

NOW GO MAKE NICE WITH ***MOMMA KLAY...***

DAMMIT, GIRL...

YOU'RE GONNA BE THE *DEATH* OF ME.

I... I THOUGHT YOU HADDA *WORK LATE!*

I SAID I "*MIGHT*" HAVE A LATE SHIFT, BUT I *DIDN'T.*

'SPECIALLY ONCE I FOUND OUT MY *DAUGHTER* WAS *WHORIN'* HERSELF ON *TV* AGAIN!

"*WHORIN*"?!

YOU DON'T KNOW *SHIT!*

I MADE THIS MONEY FOR *US!*

I FUCKIN' *EARNED* IT!

THEY PAID YOU TO MAKE A *FOOL* OUTTA YOURSELF.

YOU *EVER* MADE MONEY SO *QUICK?!*

AIN'T THE POINT.

I STILL GOT *SELF-RESPECT.*

FOR THE *FIRST TIME* IN MY *LIFE--*

PEOPLE KNOW WHO I AM!

6:02pm

YEAH, AND NOW *SO DO I.*

YOU'RE A *THIEF* AN' A *LIAR* WHO'S GONNA LEARN LIFE THE *HARD WAY.*

I DON'T HAVE TO ***LISTEN*** TO THIS ***SHIT!***

IT'S ***MY*** PHONE! I DIDN'T ***STEAL*** IT!

MY HOUSE. ***MY*** RULES.

YOU ***BROKE*** 'EM, SO YOU CAN ***GO***.

WHAT'D YOU SAY?

GIMME THE PHONE OR LEAVE.

KA-THAM

CREAK

God's Light

@KaydonKlay I will pray for your salvation even as I hope you die in fire for what you've done.

Reply Retweet Favorite More

@KaydonKlay Babysitter go to HELL. You know the truth. You should of stopped it.

Found your # online.

Zee

Kaydon Clay (or is it Klay...the K
dumb). Vernon Collegiate is close
alk down the street, find you and
ould you like that? Would you like to find out how many

I know where you live.

@KaydonKlay Dont worry
your brains out now that she's gone.

Reply Retweet Favorite More

12:32 AM - Sept · Embed this Tweet

I'll fuck

ver061

you introduce me to your agent
ve sad story too

Follow

Brett Mower

@KaydonKlay guilty bitch guilty bitch guilty bitch guilty bitch guilty bitch guilty bitch guilty bitch guilty bitch

Reply Retweet Favorite More

this Tweet

Deger

DIE

Follow

Are you the real @KaydonKlay? I saw u on news. Friend me back now. I wanna fuk u until u dry.

Reply Retweet Favorite More

CALL ME!

CALL ME NOW!

THIS IS KAYDON RIGHT

NSWER

Follow

Babysitter.

Babysitter Murderer.

That's you.

Jeremy Harddde

Middle age poontang not good enuff. Talk to me @KaydonKlay

Reply Retweet Favorite More

1:55 AM - Sept · Embed this Twee

Prip

I'm lesbian too.
I need your love
Message me an

Jjack

Kaydon, it's Jack! I saw the news and I can't believe all of that stuff. That was you right? I know it's been a while but I'd still recognize you anywhere.

Jjack

Look I need to ask you a favor. Can I interview you for my journalism class? It could really make my career if I get to talk to you and get an exclusive like that. I think it would be a really good way to help a friend and I'll be way nicer than those other reporters right?

Jjack

Please don't ignore this. It's important.

The Answer

KILL YOURSELF.

Saree

Get a lawyer BITCH
Hollywood gonna SUE YOUR ASS
You gonna die in jail.

Like · Comment · 11 minutes ago

767 peop

UGGAH

for the victims.

You ruined movies and tv

You hurt so many people.

How can you live with yourself?

My mother died at the Donby Theatre.

If you have a soul within you, you'll do what's right and admit your guilt in all of this.

Maricow

Black is beautiful.
Cum babysit my kids to.
How much to meet you

Maricow

Answer me.

Maricow

Answer m

Why did you do it?

Maricow

Answer me or I'll carve your cunt out with a ice cream scoop you bitch

Kaydon-Turn yourself over to the police and hope that the justice system shows you some leniency because your young mind couldn't handle the stress of the situation.

Make peace with your God, child.

Like · Comment · 14,963 people like this.

CUNT

FARRAH DURA
DEVIL.

YOU HELPED RAISE THE DEVILSPAWN.

horrific

you were an accomplice

Why did you do it?

Expert, has conclude
that Kaydon was lying during her press

WE TOLD YOU.
HUH?

WE TOLD YOU YOUR PAIN WAS BEAUTIFUL...

...NOW, **TOGETHER**, LET'S MAKE THEM **ALL PAY**.

PART 3: PURITY TEST

TUESDAY EVENING–

SMELLS GOOD, DOESN'T IT?

YEAH.

ISAAC...

ARE YOU OKAY?

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

IT'S...

I CAN'T...

I HAVE TO *GO.*

WHAT?!

...WHY?!

YOU'RE ON *LEAVE*, ISAAC!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO *STAY HERE* AND JUST...I DON'T KNOW...

...DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET *BETTER!*

YEAH, I KNOW.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T *DO* THIS!

DON'T PUSH ME AWAY!

SLAM

OH GOD...

GET THE FUCK **AWAY** FROM HER...

NOW.

HMMM...

WE DON'T LIKE BEING **INTERRUPTED**...

TURN AROUND **SLOWLY**...

PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE **AIR**...

DID...DID YOU **DRUG** HER?

NO.

UHH...

THE WORLD DRUGGED US ALL WHEN IT LIED AND TOLD US WE COULD BE ***SPECIAL*** AND ***BEAUTIFUL*** AND ***FAMOUS*** JUST BY ***EXISTING***...

I DON'T NEED A FUCKING ***LECTURE***, LADY.

WH-WHO ***ARE*** YOU?

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

QUESTIONS, ***QUESTIONS***...

DO YOU THINK IF YOU ASK THE ***RIGHT*** QUESTIONS THIS WILL ALL MAKE ***SENSE?***

YOU'LL ***SOLVE*** THE ***MYSTERY*** AND THE ***NIGHTMARES*** WILL GO AWAY?

THEY. WON'T.

BLAM

SHRESH

AAAAGH!

BLAM

FARRAH HAD A *DEATH WISH*...

...TOO MUCH FUCKING *GUILT*.

BLAM

WE'RE MUCH MORE *IN TUNE* WITH WHAT WE WANT...

RRRR!

WE WERE *LOST*, BUT IT *FOUND* US.

VULNERABLE, SO IT GAVE US *STRENGTH*.

ANGRY, AND IT SHOWED US A PATH OF *VENGEANCE*.

WHUMP

VENGEANCE AGAINST PEOPLE LIKE *YOU*.

SHOW US YOUR PAIN...

...WE LOVE IT.

YOU...

...YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEM...

WEEEE-OOOO
WEEEE-OOOO

WEEEE-OOOO
WEEEE-OOOO

WEEEE-OOOO
WEEEE-OOOO

WEEEE-OOOO

WEEEE-OOOO

WEEEE-OOOO

LEAVE THE GUN ON THE *GROUND!*

HANDS UP WHERE WE CAN *SEE* 'EM!

NICE AND *SLOW*...

I WANNA BE IMPORTANT...

RICH.

LOVED.

SAFE.

I WANT TH' STUFF I DO TO MEAN SOMETHING.

DOESN'T EVERYBODY?

DOESN'T... EVERYBODY?

...HUH?

DO YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?

BENEATH THOSE GLITTERING LIGHTS ARE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, EACH ONE WITH THEIR OWN DREAMS AND DESIRES.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT KEEPS THEM GOING?

FALSE HOPE.

"FALSE"?

YES.

THE INSANE EXPECTATION THAT SOMEHOW, WHEN IT ALL PANS OUT, THEY WILL BE SPECIAL.

IMPORTANT.

YET ALSO PURE...

BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT ACTUALLY SUSTAINS US...

HAPPINESS IS FLEETING.

PAIN IS FOREVER.

YOU GAVE ME SOME OF YOURS.

NOW, TAKE IT BACK AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL IT CAN BE...

YEAH.

THAT'S WHAT I WANT...

THEY ADORE ME.

WHEN YOU'RE A STAR... YOU CAN DO ***ANYTHING.***

...ANYTHING...

NNNNG!

...AND THERE'S THE *BURNING*, RIGHT ON CUE.

UH...

UH...

UH...

UH...

DON'T FIGHT IT, KAYDON, OR IT'LL *DESTROY* YOU...

P-PLEASE...

I NEED MORE...

YOU'RE NOT READY FOR IT. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ENOUGH TO BUILD A NEST...

...NOT YET.

WE HAVE TO PREPARE.

WE'LL DRINK IN THE EMOTION TOGETHER IN THE DAYS TO COME. IT WILL BE FUEL FOR OUR RAMPAGE ACROSS THIS BROKEN PALACE OF EMPTY SOULS...

FARRAH WAS WEAK. BUT YOU'LL BE *STRONG*.

KAY-KLAY!

HOLY FUCK, GIRL!

YOU SCARED THE ***SHIT*** OUTTA ME WHEN YOU CALLED!

HEY, MARTINA...

YOU'RE LUCKY DADDY WEREN'T HOME OR HE WOULDA KICKED MY ASS!

THANKS FOR THE PICK-UP.

HOLLYWOOD

IT'S COOL AS LONG AS WE DON'T GET PULLED OVER. I'M STILL ON MY ***LEARNER'S.***

GRIND GRIND GRIND

DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT. STICK SHIFTS ARE ***BULLSHIT.***

YOUR DAD'S OUT?

YEAH. ON A CONSTRUCTION SITE OUTTA TOWN 'TIL NEXT TUESDAY.

SO MANY TOOLS...

YUP.

AFTER MOM LEFT HE JUST STARTED PILIN' SHIT ***EVERY-WHERE.***

YOU THINK HE'S GOT ENOUGH ***TAPE?***

DADDY SAYS THERE'S ***TWO WAYS*** TO FIX ***EVERY-THING--***

IF IT'S ***S'POSED*** TO MOVE AND IT ***DON'T,*** USE ***WD-40.***

IT'S ***NOT*** S'POSED TO MOVE AND IT ***DO,*** USE ***DUCT TAPE.***

NICE.

UH... I DON'T WANNA PRY, BUT...

...ARE YOU ***OKAY?***

I HAVE NO IDEA ANYMORE.

I GET IT, GIRL. YOUR FRIEND FARRAH WENT SUPER-PSYCHO, CONRAD GOT ***GANKED***...

IT'S ALL FUCKED UP, RIGHT?

WAIT A SEC... CONRAD'S ***DEAD?***

OH SHIT, YOU DIDN'T ***KNOW?!***

YEAH, HE'S FUCKIN' ***MEGA-DEAD!*** GOT HIS HEAD ***SMASHED*** IN. COPS THINK HE CROSSED SOME ***GANG-BANGERS***.

JESUS...

...SHE...

...I ...I CAN ***FEEL*** IT...

FEEL WHAT? I DON'T GET IT.

LOOK, I KNOW IT'S ***AWFUL*** SOMEONE ***DIED***, BUT HE WAS A REAL ***PIECE OF SHIT***, KAY...

WHAT'S IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW IS ***YOU***.

YOU'RE BURNIN' UP IN THE ***SPOTLIGHT*** BUT I'M HERE TO ***HELP***, OKAY?

I JUST WANNA--

YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED THAT, HAVEN'T YOU?

I...

I...

NOTHING TO BE ***ASHAMED*** OF.

ESPECIALLY ***NOW.***

WAS IT EVERYTHING YOU ***HOPED?***

WHAT WAS THAT?!

WH-WHY ARE YOU BEING LIKE THIS?!

BEING WHAT? ***TRUTHFUL?***

IT'S WHAT WE ARE...

...***LUSTFUL, SELFISH ANIMALS...***

WE ***TAKE.*** WE ***DESTROY.*** WE ***SURVIVE.***

NNNN...

IF YOU ***DIED*** RIGHT HERE, IT WOULDN'T EVEN MAKE THE ***NEWS...***

OH GOD...

MARTINA, I...

I'M SO SORRY!

KAY...

STAY AWAY!

SLAM

NO!

KA-CLICK

LOOK, GIRL...

I'M NOT ***MAD*** AT YOU, OKAY?

I KNOW YOU'RE GOIN' THROUGH A LOT OF ***SHIT*** AND THIS ISN'T YOUR ***FAULT.***

I KNOW IT. I DO.

ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE WANNA BE YOUR FRIEND NOW THAT YOU'RE ***FAMOUS,*** BUT THAT'S NOT ***ME,*** OKAY?

IT'S ***NOT.***

I LOVED YOU ***BEFORE*** ALL THIS SHIT.

YEAH, I SAID "***LOVE***".

GOT A ***CRUSH*** ON YOU. ALWAYS HAVE...

WHEN YOU ***KISSED*** ME, IT WAS A GODDAMN ***DREAM COME TRUE*** AND I JUST--

CRASH

KAY! ARE YOU ***ALRIGHT?***

C'MON, GIRL! ***OPEN*** THE ***DOOR!***

IF I HAVE TO BREAK THE ***HANDLE,*** MY DAD WILL FUCKIN' ***KILL*** ME!

PLEASE, KAY...

LET ME IN.

PART 4: FEEDING TIME

WEDNESDAY-

MARTINA...

I KNOW YOU'RE *FRIGHTENED.*

GOTTA BE *HONEST* WITH YOU, GIRL...

...I AM TOO.

FARRAH...

SHE FOUND SOMETHING *DARK* AND *CRAZY*...IT HOLLOWED HER OUT.

NOW IT'S GOT ME.

SO, I KNOW THIS IS ALL *FUCKED* UP...

AND I KNOW YOU PROBABLY WON'T *BELIEVE* IT BUT, THIS HERE...

...RIGHT NOW...

SHHHREP

...I'M SAVING YOUR LIFE.

TIME TO GO!

I KNOW.

I TOLD YOU TO STAY AT HOME. WHAT THE FUCK WERE YOU DOING ***HERE?***

MOM KICKED ME OUT.

SERIOUSLY?! JESUS...

LET'S PRETEND YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THAT BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO DEAL WITH THE WHOLE "***PARENTAL PERMISSION***" THING FOR THIS ***INTERVIEW***.

IT'S MY BIRTHDAY TODAY. I'M SEVENTEEN NOW.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, KIDDO, BUT AGE OF MAJORITY HERE IN CALI IS ***EIGHTEEN***, SO THAT DOESN'T HELP US.

IT'S COOL, MR. ZHANG. I CAN ***FORGE*** MOM'S SIGNATURE. I DID IT AT SCHOOL.

GREAT.

HEY, ***DRIVER-GUY!***

EH?

WE NEED TO STOP AT MY APARTMENT SO I CAN GET CLEAN CLOTHES AND GRAB SOME STUFF.

WE CAN ***BUY*** CLOTHES.

I ALSO NEED MY ***PHONE CHARGER***, ***PAINKILLERS*** FOR MY CRAMPS, AND OTHER ***FEMININE HYGIENE PRODUCTS***...

UGH! FINE...

ARE YOU SURE YOUR MOM DIDN'T *CHANGE THE LOCKS?*

NO CHANCE. SHE CAN BARELY AFFORD A *BUS PASS* TO GET TO WORK.

CREEAK

TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH.

I'M GONNA BE ON TV AGAIN. I DON'T WANNA LOOK LIKE ***SHIT*** THIS TIME.

THAT OUTFIT IS ***NOT*** GONNA CUT IT.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?! I ***LIKE*** THIS!

KAYDON, LISTEN TO ME. I NEED YOU TO LOOK ***CONFIDENT*** AND ***MATURE*** BECAUSE WE'RE TRYING TO SELL YOU AS A YOUNG GIRL STRIVING TO MAKE SOMETHING BETTER OF HERSELF AFTER A ***BAD TURN***.

THIS HERE... THIS "***DEPARTMENT STORE BOOTY SHORTS***" FUCKIN' THING...IT DOESN'T DO THAT.

SO, I DON'T GET A CHOICE?

NO, BUT IT'S MORE THAN JUST SHOPPING, OKAY?

WE NEED TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE OUT IN THE ***PUBLIC EYE***, BEING ***SEEN*** BEFORE THE PRESS BLITZ.

IT'LL BE GOOD ***SOCIAL MEDIA SHIT***.

SO, STOP ***POUTING*** AND LEMME BUY YOU A FUCKING ***BIRTHDAY PRESENT***, OKAY?

TONIGHT, ***NEWSWIRE AMERICA*** SPEAKS WITH ***KAYDON KLAY.***

A SPECIAL ***LIVE INTERVIEW*** WHERE SHE PROMISES TO OPEN UP ABOUT HER TIME WITH ***FARRAH DURANTE*** AND THE HARROWING DAYS LEADING UP TO THE INFAMOUS ***STAR SLAYER MASSACRE.***

AW, SHIT! THAT... THAT'S ***YOU***, RIGHT?

MM-HMM.

ONE MORE?

SURE!

NICE HAIR, KAYDON!

CAN YOU ANSWER A COUPLE QUESTIONS FOR OUR VIEWERS?

MISS KLAY, LOOK OVER HERE!

OVER HERE!

OKAY, SHITHEADS. YOU GOT YOUR SNAPS.

SEE YOU LATER!

THIS IS GOING EVEN ***BETTER*** THAN I THOUGHT. YOU PLAYED IT ALL VERY WELL, KAYDON.

ARE YOU... ARE YOU OKAY?

YEAH. WHY WOULDN'T I BE?

COOL.

BECAUSE ***INFAMY*** IS ***FUCKED UP***, THAT'S WHY.

PEOPLE KNOW WHO YOU ARE BECAUSE THEY'VE SEEN YOUR FACE A BUNCH.

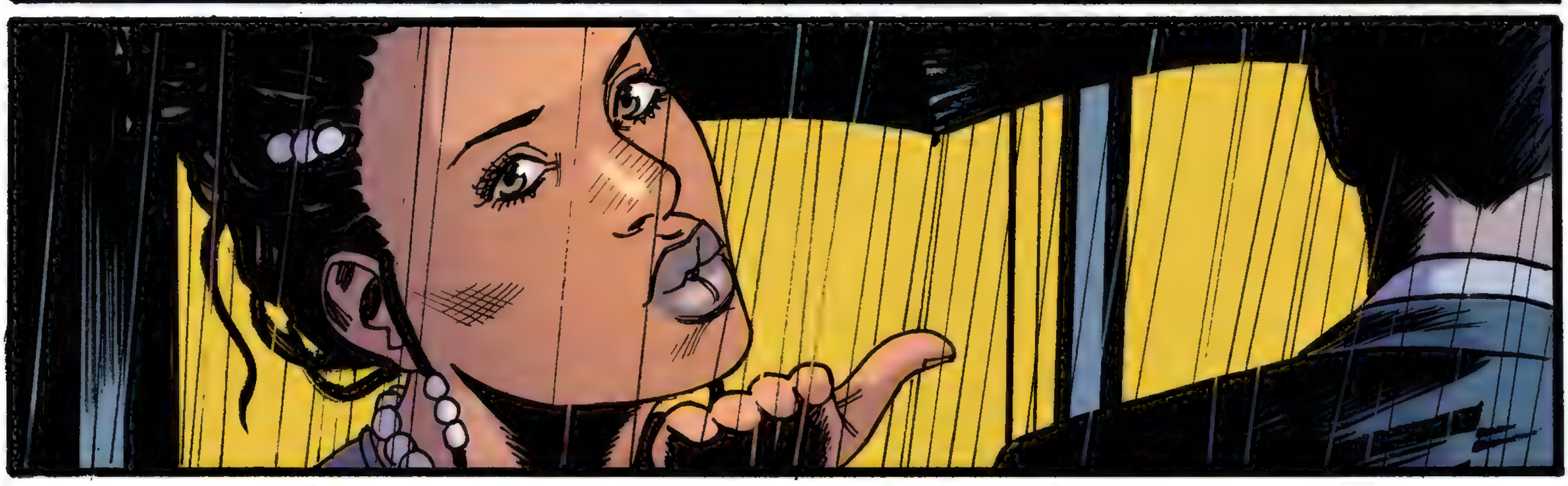
IT'S ***FAMILIARITY***, NOT TALENT.

DON'T GET ME WRONG, WE'RE GONNA MAKE A FUCKIN' ***MINT***, I JUST NEED TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T GET TO YOU.

I'M ***GREAT.***

THIS IS WHAT I'VE ***ALWAYS WANTED.***

NEWSWIRE



WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!
I'M SORRY, WHAT--
LEAVING US IN THE FUCKING ***RAIN!*** THERE SHOULD'VE BEEN A FLEET OF GODDAMN UMBRELLAS LINED UP THERE!
S-SORRY, SIR.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO TELL PEOPLE WHEN THEY FUCK UP, KAYDON.
IF YOU DON'T, THEY'LL WALK ALL OVER YOU...

DRESSING ROOM

KAYDON KLAY

WE'RE ABOUT FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM GO-TIME.

IF WE START A COUPLE MINUTES LATE AND PEOPLE GET ANTSY, EVEN BETTER.

IT'S ***LIVE***, RIGHT? HOW BIG IS THE ***AUDIENCE?***

"THE STUDIO SEATS 200, BUT IT'S NOT OPEN TO THE ***PUBLIC***, NOT TONIGHT.

"***FOREIGN REPORTERS*** WILL BE JAMMED IN THERE. NEWSWIRE IS BEAMING THIS ALL OVER THE FUCKING PLACE AND WE GET A CUT OF EACH MARKET THEY'VE SOLD THE RIGHTS TO.

NEWSWIRE L.A.

"***MEDIA EXECS*** AND THEIR ***CRONIES*** SNAPPED UP THE REST OF THE TICKETS."

EVERYBODY WANTS TO SEE YOU, KIDDO. THEY'RE ***ROCK HARD*** IN ANTICIPATION. I ***LOVE*** IT.

WE'RE GONNA GET YOU LOTSA ***BIRTHDAY BUCKS.***

MR. ZHANG, WE'VE GOT SECURITY SCREENING FOR ***WEAPONS*** AT EACH ENTRANCE. IN CASE OF AN ***EMERGENCY***, THE ***EVACUATION PLAN*** IS--

NOT ***NOW***, YOU FUCKIN' IDIOT!

KAYDON. STAY HERE AND ***RELAX***. I'LL COME GET YOU SOON.

OKAY.

OM

DON

LAY

AND NOW, A STAR IS BORN...

YOU LOOK *IRRESISTIBLE.*

OF COURSE.

OUT THERE ARE THE *VULTURES*, KAYDON.

THE HEARTLESS BASTARDS WHO *FEED* ON OUR *MISERY*.

"THEY TEAR OFF *LITTLE PIECES* OF OUR *SOULS* TO FILL THE HOLES IN THEIR LIVES.

"FEEDING AN ENDLESS CYCLE OF *MANIPULATION* UNDER THE AUSPICE OF TELLING US *WHAT WE NEED*.

"ENTERTAINMENT AT *ANY COST*.

"BUT NOW IT'S *OUR TIME* TO *COLLECT*."

YOU'LL *ENTHRALL* THEM.

HOLD THEIR *HEARTS* AND *MINDS* IN A TRANCE SO THEY CAN'T LOOK AWAY...

THEN WE'LL TAKE OUR *POUND OF FLESH*, AND A *DOZEN* MORE FOR GOOD MEASURE...

AFTER THAT...*MOVIE PRODUCERS*, REAL ESTATE MOGULS, *ONLINE TROLLS*...

...THEY'LL *ALL* GET WHAT'S COMING TO THEM.

DO YOU ***REALLY*** THINK THIS IS ***NECESSARY?***

IT'S NOT ABOUT WHAT I WANT, DETECTIVE RAHAL. WE'RE JUST ***FOLLOWING*** ORDERS.

GUARDING YOU AND MAKING SURE YOU DON'T LEAVE THE HOUSE 'TIL THINGS CALM DOWN.

ISAAC, ***PLEASE***... YOU'RE LUCKY THEY DIDN'T ***KICK YOU OFF THE FORCE!***

"LUCKY"...

PEOPLE ARE GOING TO DIE TONIGHT BECAUSE NO ONE WILL LISTEN TO ME!

LISTEN TO ***WHAT***, DETECTIVE?

YOU SCREAMING ABOUT A ***DEMON*** KILLING ALL THOSE ***CELEBRITIES?***

THAT IT'S STALKING THE ***BABYSITTER CHICK*** LOOKING FOR ***REVENGE?***

LOOK, MAN...

I KNOW YOU'RE ***STRUGGLING*** WITH THE FACT YOU HAD TO BLAST THAT ***BITCH*** IN THE FACE ***POINT-BLANK***, BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT EVERYONE TO GO ALONG WITH YOUR ***PSYCHOSIS***, OKAY?

SO, PLEASE, ***SIT*** THE FUCK ***DOWN*** 'CAUSE IT'S GONNA BE A ***LONG NIGHT*** FOR ***ALL*** OF US...

LIVE IN OUR STUDIO, KAYDON KLAY WILL OPEN UP FOR THE *FIRST TIME* ABOUT HER *SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP* WITH FARRAH DURANTE AND THE *HARROWING EVENTS* THAT LED TO THE NIGHT THAT *SHOCKED AMERICA*...

NO, NO, NO,...

THEY'RE... THEY'RE GONNA *BREAK* HER...

...BREAK MY *LI'L GIRL*...

I CAN'T *ABIDE* IT!

I CAN'T!

GOTTA SAVE HER FROM HERSELF...

...BRING HER *HOME*...

...GET MAH **GUN**, GO TO THAT DAMN **STUDIO** AN'--

BULLETS

OH GOD.

WHEN I MET FARRAH, I WANTED TO BE AN *ACTRESS*.

I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO BE *FAMOUS*.

YEAH... WELL, *BOTH*, REALLY.

PLAYING A PART, *CONFIDENT* AND IN *CONTROL* OF MY LIFE...

...THEN MAKING IT *REAL*...

...THAT WAS THE *DREAM*.

THEN, I MET YOU AND MY WHOLE WORLD *CHANGED*.

YES, IT DID...

...SO...

...*NOW* WHAT DO YOU WANT?

NOW, I JUST WANNA ***MURDER*** THE ***MOTHERFUCKING MONSTER*** WHO ***KILLED*** MY ***FRIEND***.

NO.

YOU DON'T GET TO TAKE ME TOO.

NOT LIKE THIS...

KAYDON KLAY

KRA-CHAK

FIRE

DREE-DREE

DREE-DREE

DREE-DREE

STAY CALM AS YOU EXIT THE BUILDING IN AN ORDERLY FASHION.

DO NOT RUN.

DO NOT CARRY LARGE POSSESSIONS WITH YOU.

DREE-DREE

DREE-DREE

SIX MONTHS LATER-

TELEGRAPH COVE, BRITISH COLUMBIA-

Food - Fresh

THAT'LL BE $18.05...

UH... I DON'T HAVE THE *NICKEL*.

THAT'S OKAY.

VERY KIND OF YOU.

IT'S JUST HOW WE DO THINGS HERE AT *FOOD-FRESH*, MA'AM.

Y'KNOW... I'D *SWEAR* I'VE *SEEN* YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE, LIKE ON *TV*...

...DID YOU DO A *COMMERCIAL* OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

'FRAID NOT.

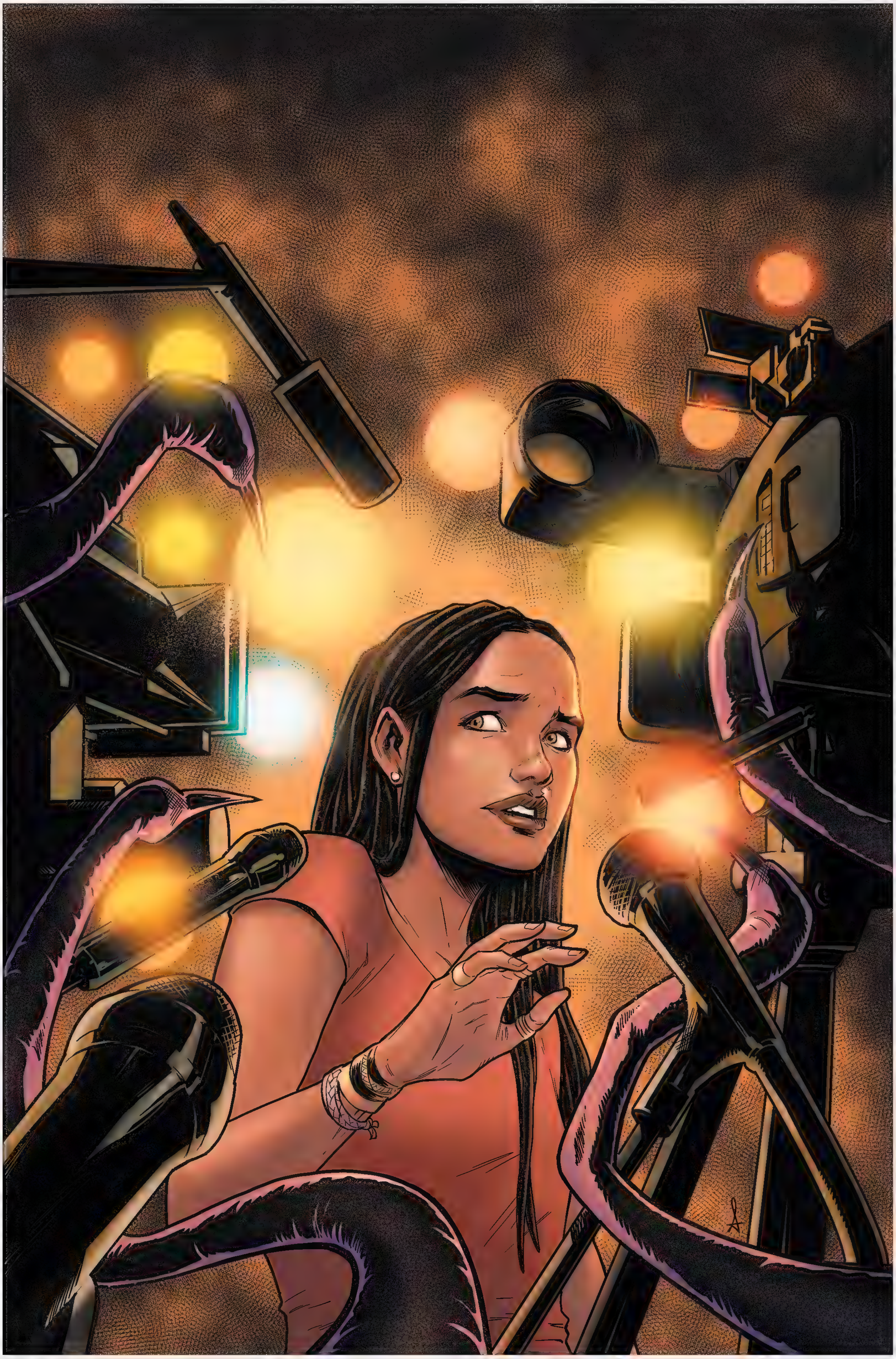
I'M **NO ONE SPECIAL.**

CATHY

THE END?

GLITTERBOMB: THE FAME GAME #1 (Cover B)

Artwork by Rebeca Puebla.



GLITTERBOMB: THE FAME GAME #2 (Cover B)

Line Art by Sean Izaakse. Colors by K. Michael Russell.

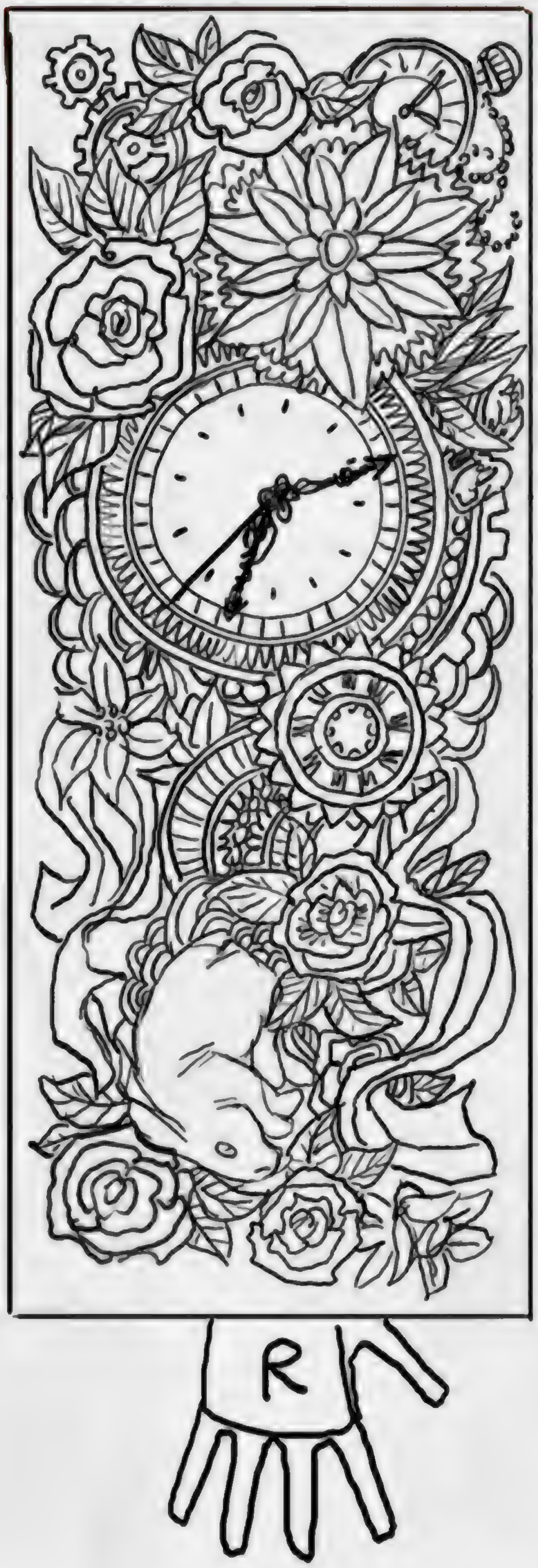
GLITTERBOMB: THE FAME GAME #3 (Cover B)

Artwork by Vivian Ng.

GLITTERBOMB: THE FAME GAME #4 (Cover B)

Artwork by Miguel Mercado.

SKETCHES



Djibril wanted to make sure the full sleeve tattoos on Leanne's arms were consistent from issue to issue so he went above and beyond the call of duty and designed them top to bottom. Gorgeous work, as always.

Digital sketches for the covers of Fame Game #3 and 4, and a digital prelim sketch for the two-page spread in issue 1.

AGENTS, AGENCIES, AND UNIONS: TALENT REPS IN HOLLYWOOD

When most people think of Hollywood talent agents they think of Ari Gold from *Entourage*; a fast-talking, ruthless, relentless, insanely driven person who will practically kill for his client and be murder to work for. He's a great character to believe in with his back room deals and personal shenanigans. I'm sure there are Ari-like agents in Los Angeles, but I never met one.

Most agents are hard-working people who hustle to get clients the best pay possible and foster their careers. It's their job to know what's coming down the pipeline, what opportunities are available for their actors, how to emotionally support talent, and be a tough contract negotiator.

Agents juggle multiple clients, deals, personalities, and phone calls. They tend to talk fast and cut to the chase. Agents will take on the bad guy role during contract negotiations while they fight to ensure their client gets equal contract treatment to others on the project, including billing, accommodations, and any other contractual provisions. This is sometimes called "favored nations" negotiation.

A good agent will push to ensure an actor feels compensated and appreciated. When those elements are in place the actor can show up on set prepared to work. Negotiations may include, but aren't limited to: specific food and water in trailers, wardrobe approval, assistants, approved hair and make-up artists, and transportation to and from set. The agent handles these demands so the actor is free to focus on their craft and be creatively vulnerable if necessary.

Not all agents are equal and neither are all agencies. There are big agencies like the *William Morris Endeavour (WME)*, *Creative Arts Agency (CAA)*, *United Talent Agency (UTA)*, and *Osbrink Talent*, but also boutique agencies as well. Boutiques are agencies people outside Hollywood may not know by name or initial, but also sustain actors and help many earn a living.

When actors arrive in Hollywood, they may dream of being represented by one of the big agencies because of the prestige associated with the name. Everyone knows CAA and WME. Actors earn bragging rights when they land an agent at a big agency. There's power in the name. The flip side to that mindset is that in a big agency, an up-and-coming actor is a small fish in a very big pond. How much attention will an agent devote to someone who hasn't broken through yet? At a boutique agency, the agent has time to focus on their clients and probably knows them far more than just a headshot on their computer screen.

If an agent wants to make money, they need to get bookings for their clients. Actors have to get auditions in order to land gigs. It's a tough business, but agents try to play by the rules to earn their 10%. There's a fine line between being a savvy representative and a pain in the ass people will avoid working with.

All that said, getting an agent isn't necessarily the first thing an actor needs to do.

When writer/actor/coach Dufflyn Lammers first arrived in LA an agent told her, "If you're in LA for more than a year and don't have a SAG-AFTRA card, you're not doing your job."

Hollywood is a series of hurdles and tests of stamina and talent every actor and crewmember continually navigate. For actors, getting into the Screen Actors Guild – *American Federation of Television and Radio Artists* – is a must. According to the Frequently Asked Questions on the SAG-AFTRA website:

There is no simple answer for how to break into the world of acting. Typically, performers take acting classes or study theater in school. Beginning actors often work in non-union background and principal roles in the early stages of their careers, as they get experience and build up a resume. SAG-AFTRA's interaction with performers begins after they have achieved professional status and are ready to join the Union.

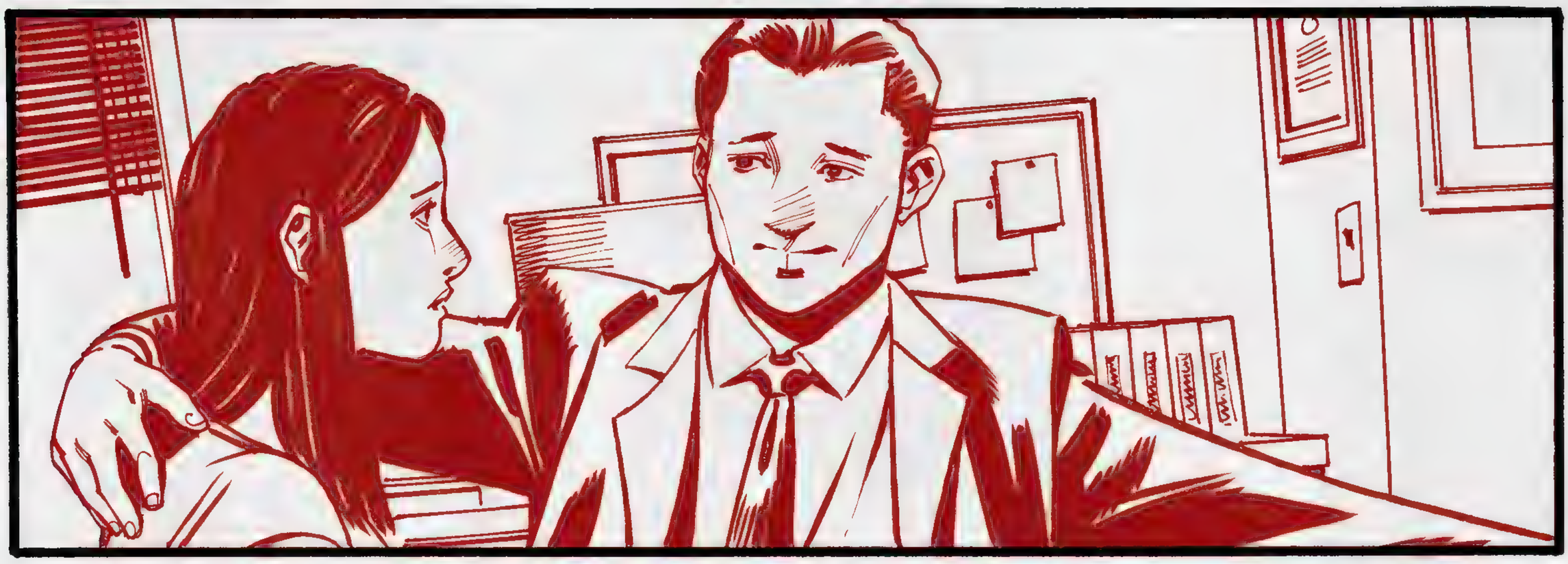
According to Dufflyn, the top four ways to get into the union are:

1. Get a part in a union commercial, film, or TV show so you're eligible to join the SAG. If you're not sure if a production is union or not you can ask or check with SAG. A non-union actor can get hired for a union show and the production will fill out a SAG-AFTRA Taft-Hartley report.

The report includes information about the production, the actor's information, and checks off boxes stating why the non-union actor was hired. Reasons may include that the actor is a recognized "name" in a specialty group, a background actor was given a line of dialogue, or that it's the actor's first employment and they intend to pursue a career as a motion picture performer.

2. Work three days as a background actor on a union production. The actor will be expected to provide proof of employment (such as a pay stub).

3. "Sister in" through an affiliated performer union (ACTRA, AEA, AGMA or AGVA). An actor must be a paid-up



member in good standing for a period of one year and must have worked and been paid at least once as a principal performer in that union's jurisdiction.

4. Produce and perform in their own new media production and Taft-Hartley themselves. The actor must have existing union members in the production.

Dufflyn strongly advocates route #4 because it puts the actor in control of the process. The actor ends up with a piece of material for their reel, a credit, and the satisfaction of knowing they made it happen for themselves.

After all that, let's not forget the pitfalls of fame: arrogance, addiction, money, and power.

Not every actor manages to hang onto the rungs as they climb the ladder of success. Once, while I was working on a low-budget television series, an actress came to work completely wasted. Even worse, she was the lead. She fumbled through the shoot, barely able to hit her mark or remember a line. It was a disaster on set that cost production tens of thousands of dollars. When it came time for her to get paid, the producer and her agent arranged for me to walk her to the bank down the street where she cashed her check and returned all her earnings to production. I very much doubt this was legal.

I remember her hair was blonde and curled. She was LA thin, size zero or two. She walked beside me in high heels and a skirt, knowing I was there to guarantee she wouldn't cash the check and keep it. I recall her embarrassment and shame. I was twenty-three, with only one year of production under my belt. I looked down at the cement sidewalk along Avenue of the Stars in Century City as we walked in silence. I wanted to look her in the eyes and see if they were red and puffy or if her nose was running. I never imagined an agent would agree to this weird arrangement. I hated feeling bad for her and was annoyed the producer picked me to be the chaperone on this Walk of Shame.

I stuffed the white bank envelope into my purse and slipped the strap over my shoulder. I was nervous about carrying that much money. We left the bank and I walked back to the production while she headed for her car. I wonder if we even validated her parking. I wouldn't be surprised if the producer made her eat the extra five bucks. I knew the situation was bad if her own agent agreed to give up his cut. I wonder if the agency dropped her, if she's still in the business, and if she got the help she needed.

Dufflyn Lammer's FB one-woman show:
www.facebook.com/DiscoveredShow/

SOURCES

SAG-AFTRA:
www.sagaftra.org

Taft-Hartley info:
www.sagaftra.org/files/sag/taft_hartley_report_principals_6_1.pdf

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THE PUBLICITY MACHINE: HYPE AND CELEBRITY

My friend Jennifer's ex-boyfriend Toby, who was never the smartest person in a room, moved to LA and landed an internship with Chanticleer Films. They produced Academy Award-winning shorts. When I knew I was going to pack up and leave my east coast life for Hollywood, I researched Chanticleer's producers and owners Jonathan Sanger and Jana Sue Memel, before I called the production office. The office was located on the corner of Hollywood and Vine — quintessential Hollywood. I figured if Toby could work for them then I could, too.

I asked the Production Coordinator, Stephanie, if they still had internships.

"We do. Can you start Monday?" she asked.

"Yes," I said and I hung up the phone. It was Wednesday and I was still in Washington D.C.

I called Taz, my friend who lived in LA, "Can I crash on your floor for a while? I'm moving to California."

"Yes," he said. I was on my way.

I slept on a futon in Taz's Valley Village living room for about a month. His two roommates didn't mind. I eventually moved into the apartment across from his when three other friends of his decided to move to LA too. We were all trying to break into the business. I won't go into how messy the place was.

I drove a rented car, used a borrowed map, and on Monday morning I endured the notorious traffic of the 101 into Hollywood from the valley, exited the Vine Street Exit, made my way one block past the Capitol Records Building and began my career in film and television. I never dreamed I'd live in LA or work in show business. I studied Journalism and History in college. I wanted to be a news producer or a writer. I didn't go out there with stardust in my eyes.

Once I was in LA, I shifted those dreams from news production to film production. I set out to be the best and made a plan. It would mean long hours, hard work, leaving everything I knew behind and taking the plunge into SoCal culture. I dove in.

The difference between me and other people who come to Los Angeles to work is I didn't move to Hollywood in search of fame. It didn't occur to me to make it a goal. That's not to say I didn't dream of going to the Oscars. Of course I did. I wanted to wear a gorgeous designer dress, roll up to the red carpet in an open-air Jeep with my hair windblown, and win "Best Producer." I wanted to be known for being the finest at my job, but never cared if anyone outside Hollywood knew who I was.

One night, while driving Forest Whitaker back home from our set in San Pedro, he struck up a conversation with me. Forest was reserved and spent his time in his trailer when not on set. I was told not to talk much in the car so I was surprised when he started chatting with me. I was afraid of being fired after getting lost earlier that week while driving Jeff Goldblum to set.

Forest wanted to know what I wanted to be — my Hollywood goals. I told him I knew I would never be as skinny as other girls out there and had no desire to ever be in front of the camera, but I wanted to be known for being a hard worker and terrific at my job. I remember him laughing and understanding the not being skinny because he wasn't thin either.

"I'll know I've made it when I get a story in the *Enquirer*," I said, hands gripping the steering wheel.

"Nothing that will hurt anyone, something about having an alien baby. That would be funny."

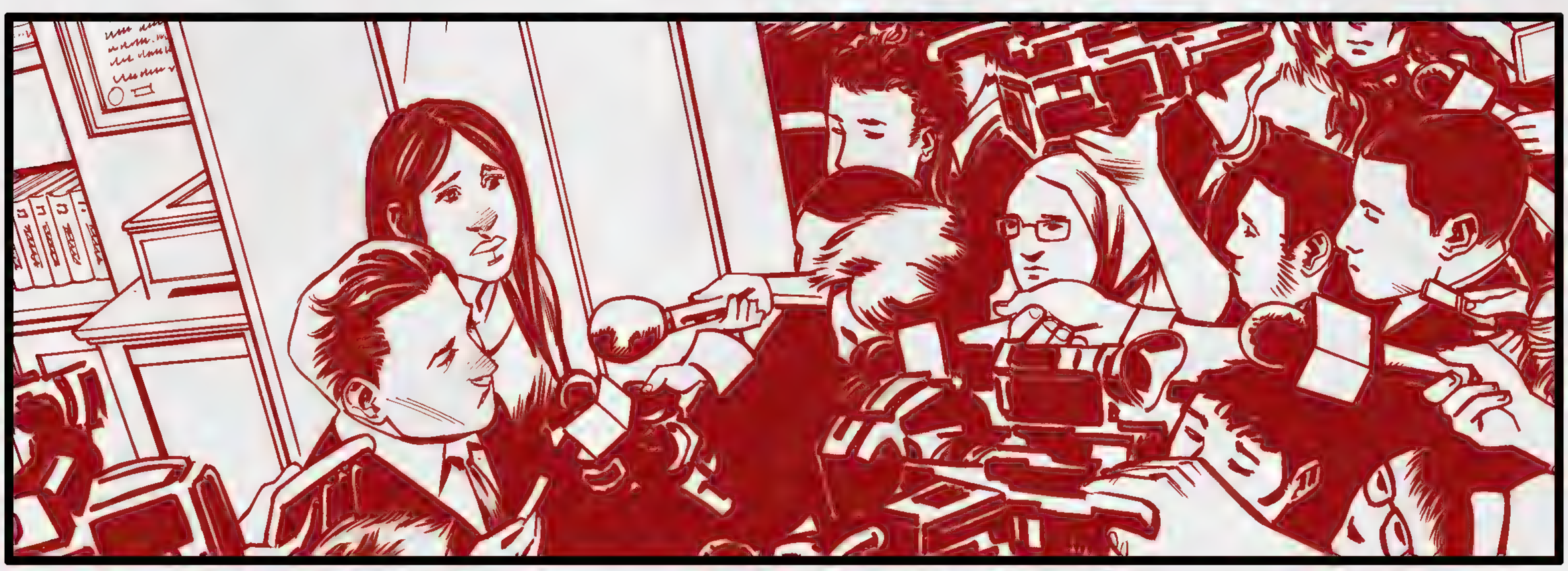
I'm sure he gave me side eye.

I went on, "I can see it now— a bad cut and paste picture of a green alien and my stomach all big and round. Or maybe I'd be holding it after giving birth."

Perhaps I had a little bit of the *Fame Game* monster lurking in me then. Lusting to be more powerful than an assistant, wanting recognition for my work, hoping to earn enough money to stop borrowing from my parents.

Being famous takes more than just being good at a job. It requires schmoozing — epic amounts of kissing the right asses. Famous people require advocates — agents, managers, publicists and lawyers. Those behind the scenes string-pullers and movers and shakers are the ones cropped out of red carpet photos but called out by name in thank you speeches. It's a symbiotic ecosystem built on publicity.

In all my years working in film and television, I never knew a production crew who enjoyed intrusions caused by the publicity crew. Sometimes publicity shots were taken on set and interrupted the shooting schedule. Producers, directors, location managers and assistant directors had to figure out



how much time they can sacrifice to get the cast through wardrobe changes, hair, make-up, and meal times to get a few photos or interviews to promote work that isn't even in the can yet.

I remember once, publicity came to do a photo shoot with Jeff Goldblum, Forest Whitaker and Kathy Baker. We were filming a huge scene in a hotel. The entire lobby had to be dressed including a grand staircase filled with extras, lighting, set dressing — the works. Every person on the 150 plus crew was running around trying to make this scene happen. While all that madness was going on, publicity set up a backdrop in a small corner with a soft box and lighting to get photos of the cast. That's time away from memorizing lines, blocking out movement for the camera, and even eating for the actors.

On another Chanticleer set, the producers completely forgot about a scheduled photo shoot. We were shooting nights, which means call time (the time you arrive on set) was around 7PM and we were going to shoot through until the following morning.

My job included locking down set, running errands, and picking up trash from the ground. Somewhere in the middle of the night, I remember pointing a photographer to crew parking and calling the producer, switching to channel two on our walkie talkies. Channel two is for private conversations you don't want the entire crew, all of whom are outfitted with walkies, to hear.

"Publicity is here," I said. I knew they'd panic. The producer never sent transportation to pick up the other actors who weren't on call that night to get them to set on time for the shoot. But I did.

"Don't worry, we sent transportation to pick up Gina a half hour ago. They'll be here soon," I said. Maybe I'd get a bonus or an atta girl.

"Don't tell anyone we forgot." the producer said.

"Now, go pick up cigarette butts off the street."

It wasn't quite the thank you I'd hoped for.

So, how does an actor get the publicity they need? I spoke with Michelle Czernin von Chudenitz about publicity. Michelle is an award-winning producer and the CEO/Founding Partner of Popular Press Media Group. PPMG represents companies and high-profile celebrities, crafting strategic public relations and publicity campaigns, consistently visible in leading news and pop culture media, both domestic and international.

Like most things Hollywood, it helps to know someone who knows someone. PPMG's new clients are often referred by their existing ones.

According to Michelle, "For publicity to be successful, it has to be a collaborative effort. In the entertainment space, we predominantly work with production companies, distributors, independent films, special events (ie. film festivals, award shows). We also have strong relationships with agents and managers."

PPMG has working relationships with celebrity news distributors since they both need the support of the other to do their jobs.

Michelle talks about negotiating terms for an interview, "Of course, we all know situations where press boundaries have not been observed. Boundaries include what an actor will or won't speak about and what they're promoting. Often, celebrity focus and direction are approved. When necessary, PPMG will coach or prep an actor for an interview so they feel comfortable."

So, what's the biggest misconception about Hollywood PR, Michelle?

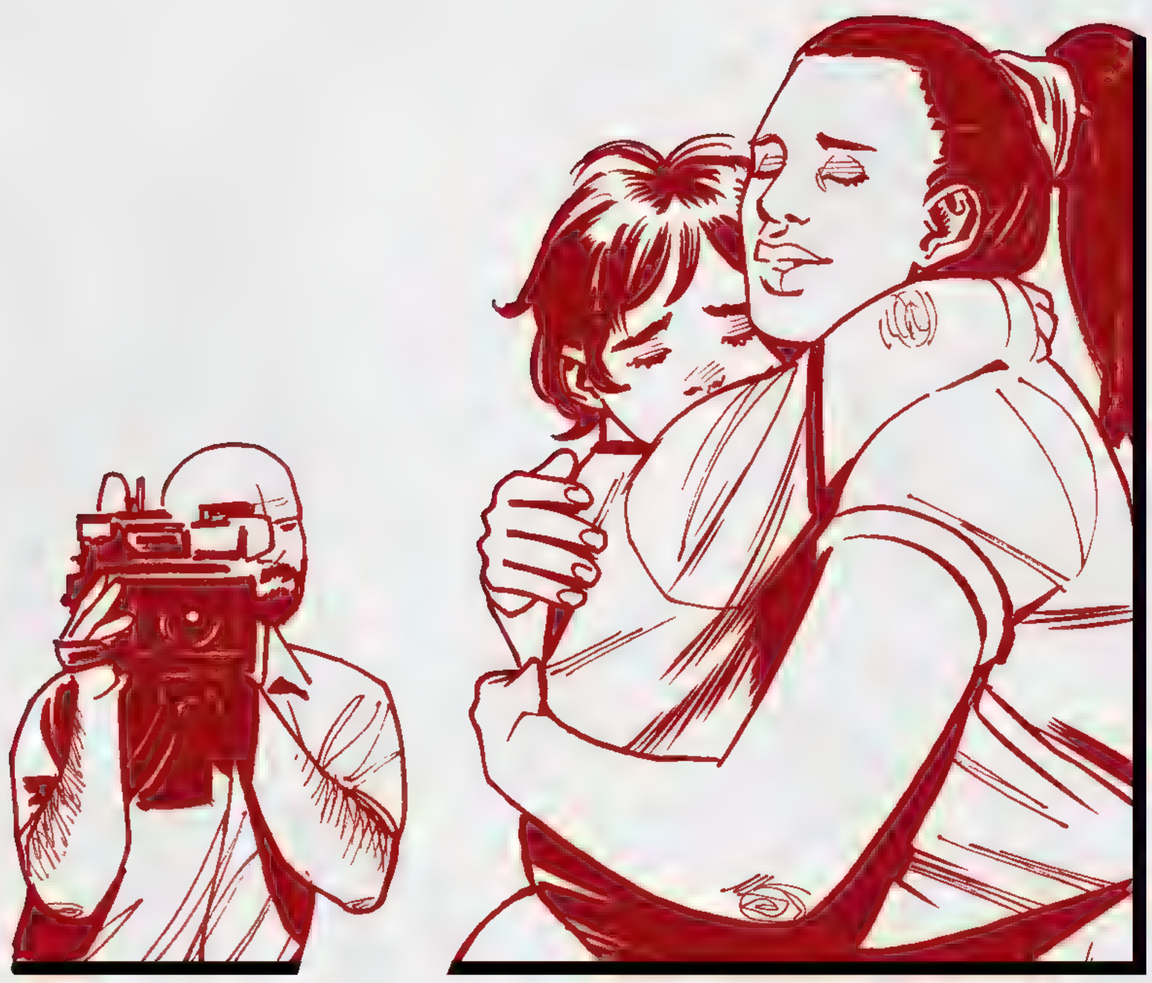
"That you'll magically become a star the day after you hire a publicist. Publicity, as my business partner will tell you, is like gardening. You have to plant the seeds and water it, then over time your plant will grow. Celebrity is not built overnight. There are so many clichés and it's hard not to slip into them - but one that holds true is the ten-year overnight success."

Cheers to ten years going quickly.

SOURCES

Popular Press Media Group:
www.PPMG.info

Michelle Czernin von Chudenitz's Twitter:
@mcvcm



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THE SHAME GAME

I tried leaving Los Angeles and show business once. I took a sabbatical in Denver, Colorado after my starter marriage failed. I'm glad it failed. It made me re-evaluate everything about myself. I had to figure out who I wanted to be as an adult, learn what I wanted, the kind of people, and career and how to make it happen without being what I hated.

The thing is, when I returned to LA two years later, LA didn't want me back. I abandoned it and, despite having over a decade of production experience, I was punished for leaving the game. People who used to hire me wouldn't. Reality television began and production houses wanted me to work for a fraction of my previous rate, so I had to start over. At least that's how it felt.

One assistant director friend, Vince, was glad I returned. He was starting up a music video company and wanted to know if I wanted to help. I could produce for him. I knew the right people in rental houses, knew how to budget, and I think he thought I was fun to work with. I wish I'd said no, but the idea was so enticing. I imagined myself back on set, playback rolling, new crews, and shorter shooting schedules, super trendy clothes — it was a challenge I wanted to take a huge bite out of.

I drove to his apartment in the valley from the west side and we watched directors' reels. Vince really liked one of them. It belonged to an Olympic athlete. The athlete's cousin was a singer and they had connections in the music business. If we hired him it could be a great stepping-stone and Vince loved the idea of working with a Summer Olympian.

The reel didn't impress me. It was very B-roll; no original shots or directing. Just basic footage. But the company was Vince's baby and so I went along with him. The first time we met Mark it was at a restaurant on Ventura Blvd. We talked shop. Mark was tall. He looked like a track star. He also had a one-man entourage, Will, who followed him everywhere.

Mark was charismatic and able to collect people. His phone was always ringing; people were constantly trying to get ahold of him. It can be hard to tell the difference between warning signs and someone in demand in LA.

These were warning signs.

The Olympian went by two different names, Mark and Donald. He had a wife and a baby. I didn't know at the time he wasn't paying his own rent. I didn't ask the right questions because Vince needed me and I wanted to be needed and back in the game.

Vince's music video production company dreams weren't getting off the ground. We hit snags. His dreams and the reality of doing things were vastly different. While we went around trying to make a music video for a band, Mark started calling me. He asked me for advice. He wanted to know if I agreed with other producers he worked with.

He started telling me about his LA dreams and his plan for achieving them. Mark loved science fiction like I did. We debated *X-Files* and talked story ideas. He shared his concept for a television series. It was rough, but sparked a hunger in me. This was something I could produce!

I asked Mark if he had a book or a script for the series. He did. After reading it, I knew I could make it better. The core concept was there, but the professionalism wasn't. We had more meetings in restaurants. Will was there. I met the other producing friends he had — I believe one was a retired stuntman, another a fresh-off-the-bus girl in LA. He met more people and flaunted his Olympic credentials. We were all dreamers hoping to make it by creating our own product. I wanted to be like Ben Affleck, Matt Damon and Ed Burns.

Vince's music video company dissolved, washed away in the LA basin like so many dreams in Hollywood do. My focus turned to revising the television pilot and book. Mark got us a pitch meeting at the Sci-Fi Channel (not yet Syfy). Everyone wanted to meet an Olympian; he was good at using that as a way to get his foot in the door. I put together a budget and broke the scripts down. Mark, Will and I were going to pitch acquisitions executives.

The meeting went well, but we needed to present a pilot. Mark, Will, and I met and discussed who would be involved with the show. Mark told me about the other producers he had on board. I said they all had to bring something to the table besides sitting at it. Things started getting weird.

Do you see what I forgot to do? Me, the person in charge of paperwork and contracts, didn't draw one up for myself. Sure, I had a deal memo, but nothing specific. I was so caught up in doing the work that I forgot to cover my ass. I was so deliriously eager to get back in the game I forgot the rules.

Mark said he trusted me and confessed he didn't have enough money to put gas in his car. Someone had to pick him up to go to the meetings. He said he had to make this work soon because he had to feed his family and pay rent. Through tears he told me how rough things were for him.

I thought we were friends.

Mark confessed he never actually ran in the Summer Olympics. He was an alternate. He was ashamed he never ran. He felt guilty for accepting the attention that belonged to a winner. He explained that the team as a whole had won, but his feet never touched the track. I thought we were building trust between a producer and director.

Despite the shadiness of some of the "producers" on board we agreed to shoot the pilot. I made a shooting schedule and found a house we could use for multiple locations. I hired a catering company, rented equipment and got a security team to watch the house and generator before production got underway. I hired a girl named Star to be my right hand and coordinator. I needed an extra set of eyes on things because I was producing, location managing, helping the art department, and handling all the money.

We held casting sessions. It was a ridiculous amount of work but I was glad to be in the middle of everything solving problems, making my dream come true.

If I could stop time and slap myself across the face for stupidity, this is the moment in my life I'd do it. I was legit but was being used and manipulated and too eager to see it much less stop it. A week before shooting was supposed to begin, Mark called me.

"We don't have the money," he said.

I wasn't going to let money stop me. I'd worked too hard and saw the possibility of being a show runner in my future. I was going to do the one thing I hated doing. I was going to ask my father for help.

Asking a favor meant an emotional string was attached, but I figured if I came in with the funds I'd be the executive producer and co-creator of the show. It could make me into the creative producer I dreamed of being. I was willing to risk my relationship with my father to do it.

Borrowing money made my dad feel like I'd accepted his new life. There'd be no way to avoid his new life and family if I took his money. I'd have to sit there and listen to stories about the trips they went on, the dinners and holidays they shared with my cousins, and learn how long they were together behind my back. I also understood money was his love. I wanted to prove I could take it and make it into my future.

I borrowed ten thousand dollars from my dad. I fought with the other producers and told them it was my show now. Mark backed me up. This was another missed opportunity for me to back out of a bad deal and see how Mark really treated people.

They were pissed off. I didn't care. My money, my show. We shot the pilot. It was a brutal shoot. Mark was not a director and the crew became angry about his lack of professionalism. Everything I saw in that original reel, the bad choices and mediocrity were laid out there in front of me. I didn't get to sit next to camera because I was juggling locations, crew parking, where to put hair, makeup and wardrobe, catering, and a million other fires that needed to be put out.

We got the pilot in the can, which is to say we shot the script and had it developed. It was time to edit.

One night, during editing, Mark was a no-show. He stopped taking my calls. My assistant stopped taking my calls, too.

Something was up but, again I didn't listen to my gut because I wanted to finish the pilot. I told myself there would be time to deal with the drama after we were done.

I watched what the editor cut together. I was impressed by what he cobbled together from the footage. I asked him to make a few changes.

"No," he said. "Mark's the director, I only listen to him."

"I'm paying you. This is my show," I said.

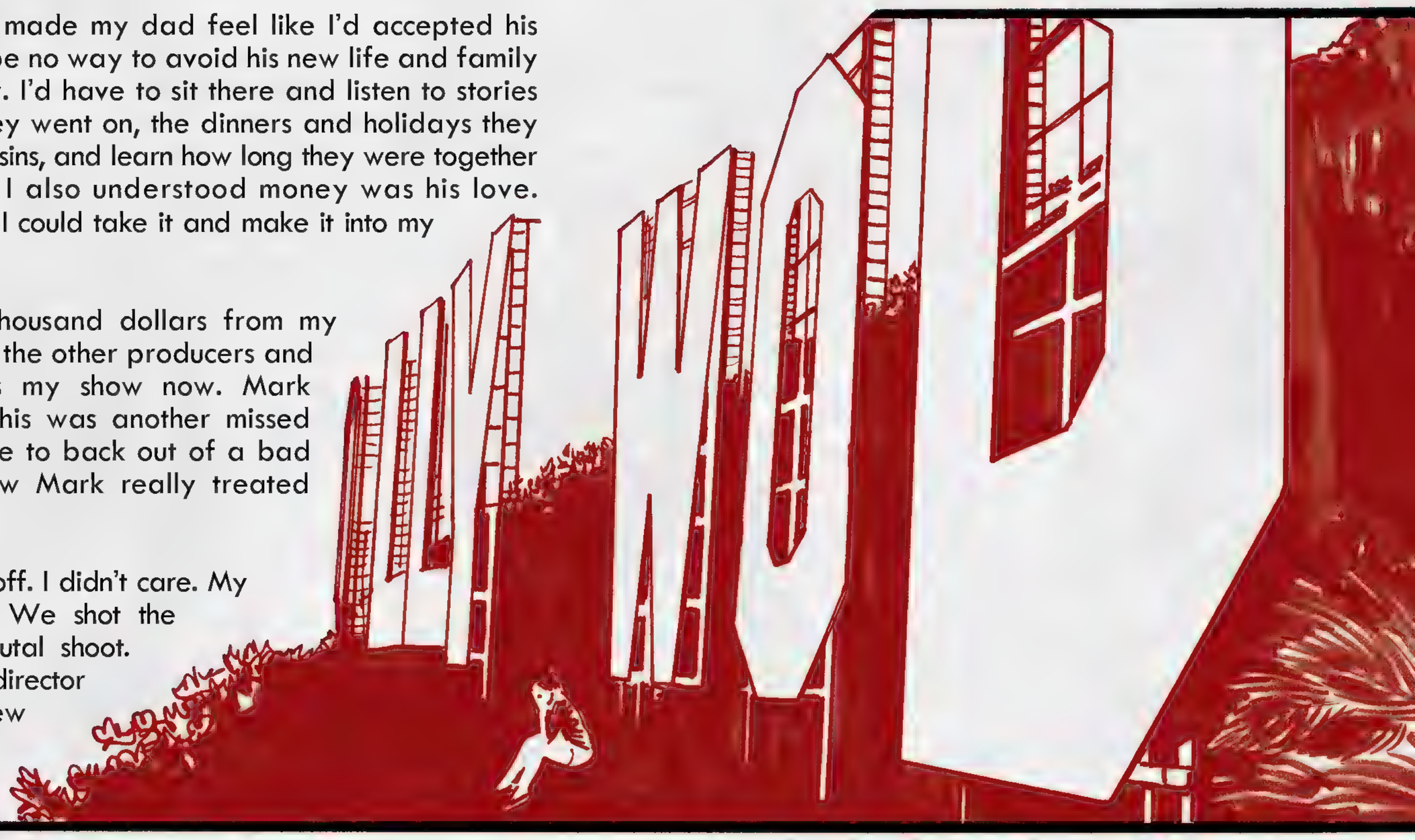
"I only listen to him."

"I'm the one paying you."

"Nope. He is."

That's when it finally hit me. All the odd phone calls I watched Mark take. He was jumping from person to person. Using each one to finance his dream. I wasn't an equal, I was a stepping-stone. A dollar sign. Another hustle. And I risked my relationship with my father to do it!

I became angry and overwhelmed with shame. Not only was



I conned, I used up all my favors in town to shoot the pilot, and wasted my father's money! How could I be so stupid?

I called a lawyer. And what happened next is even more shameful.

Mark stole the film and edit. He literally locked me out and demanded I pay him more money if I wanted it back!

Here's what I learned too late: I was just one of the many people Mark took money from. That was how he supported his wife and kid. He was a practiced con man and I his willing victim.

I learned why Will was always with him. Will had seen him do this to other people. Will watched him scam fool after ambitious fool. After yelling at me for being stupid and not having a contract in writing, my lawyer told me how to fight him. I needed more than a verbal contract and emails I'd saved. Mark was clever and did most of his negotiations on the phone. I didn't have enough proof. If I wanted to win I had to borrow more money to pay for the legal fees.

I was broken all over again. I knew better but, at the time, this shame felt worse than all the times I was harassed or belittled. I knew better but didn't do better. Hollywood beat me. I borrowed more money.

I got all my film, the negatives, and the edit. I didn't sell it. I kept those cans as a reminder of what a dupe I was for years. They reminded me of my shame. I flagellated myself with my misguided ambition.

I dusted myself off and went back to work in production. I took a job that was lower than my pay grade and knowledge because I felt the need to punish myself for being so stupid. I pitched a dancing show to a friend, and he told me dancing shows would never take off. I didn't have fight left in me to prove him wrong. Dancing shows took off, but I never worked on one. I worked on Food Network shows.

I wrote a script with a trusted friend. We pitched DreamWorks, Walden Media, Revolution Studios, and Sid Ganis. I had a shot in the room with the big boys and it felt good. It was a project I was both proud of and had creative input. I earned my seat at the table.

I still regret every minute I spent belittling myself over the pilot. I'm ashamed at how stupid I was. I hate having the experience to share, but hope someone reading this will think rationally while they dream big and look for the clues between bullshit and real work.

I also hope karma kicked Mark's ass back down the hole he crawled out of.

★★★★★

Holly Raychelle Hughes is freelance writer and intuitive healer. Her short stories and essays appear in xoJane.com, Kveller.com, and a variety of online and print publications. She is represented by Agent Carlie Webber from Fuse Literary. When she isn't writing, you can find her online @hgirlla, www.writerhughes.wordpress.com, planning for Halloween or dancing.

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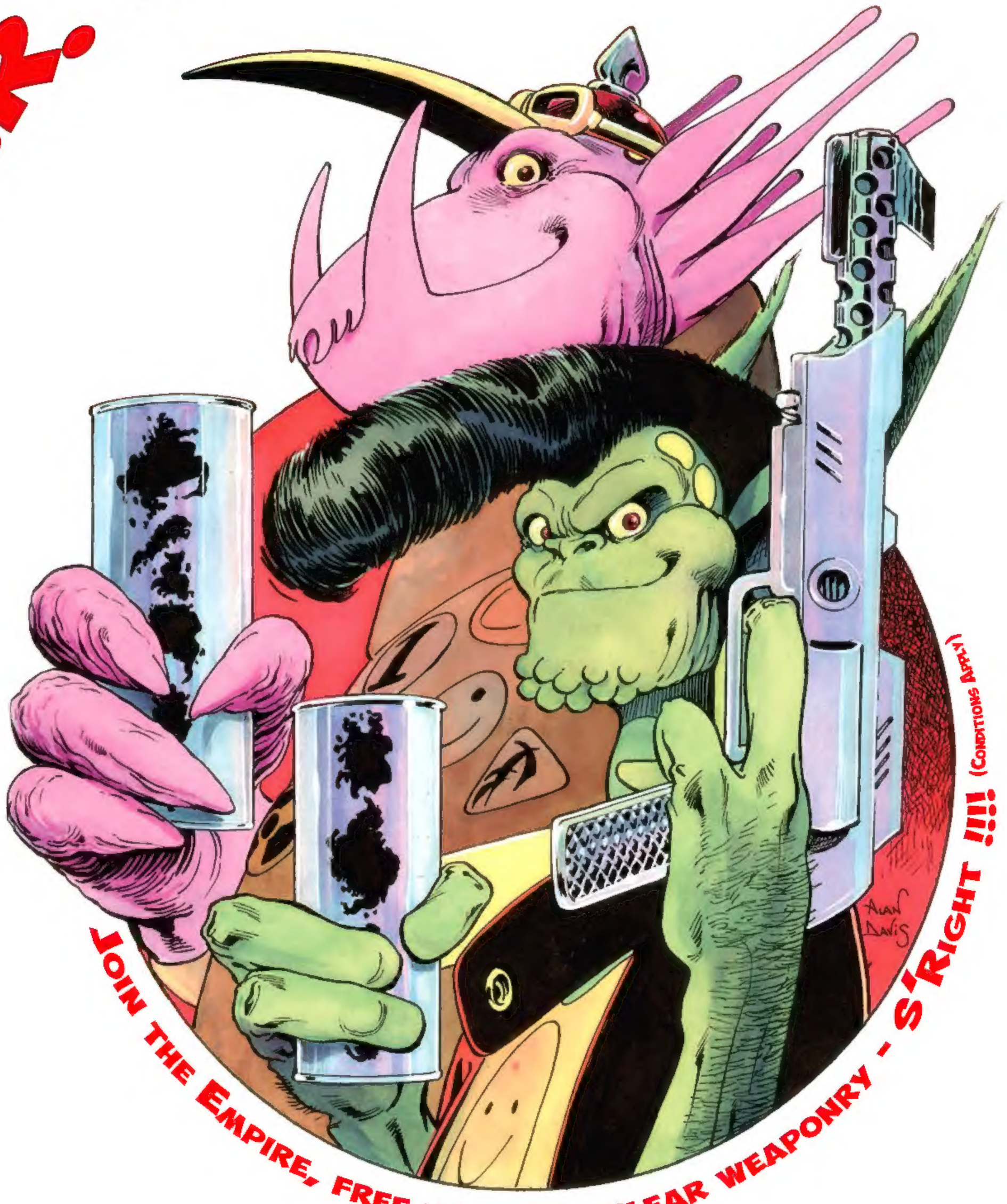

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